

The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1535.

London, November 12, 1930

{ REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }

1/-

MARTELL'S
GUARANTEED
CORDON ROUGE BLEU
YEARS IN
CASK
THE COGNAC LIQUEUR BRANDY

**SUNSHINE
GLAXO**

WITH ADDED 'OSTELIN'
VITAMIN D

Builds Bonnie Babies

Your
CAKES and PASTRIES
are
fresher and better
if
"HOME-MADE" with
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER

The finest Brandy procurable
COGNAC

ADET

British Agents: Lavender & Langley, Ltd.,
ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

200 **HÔTEL** Rooms
BURLINGTON
Boscombe,
BOURNEMOUTH,

Running hot and cold water in Bedrooms.
Magnificent Dance Room. Spacious Garage.
3 Hard Tennis Courts. Finest Food.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE.

*Forget about work and take
a Sunshine Holiday at the*
GRAND HOTEL

The English Riviera's most modern hotel, occupying finest
position on the sea front. 200 luxuriously furnished rooms.
Self-contained suites and rooms with private baths.
Newman's Dance Band for Christmas Festivities.

WEEK-END TERMS From 24s. per day.

TORQUAY

**AUSTRIAN TYROL
KITZBÜHEL**

The Rendezvous of British Ski-ers.

Ski-ing, Skating, Tobogganing.

English Sports Club.

Information from all Tourist Agencies, from the

AUSTRIAN FEDERAL RAILWAYS

31 Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1
and from the Verkehrsverein, Kitzbühel

Rood & Co. Ltd.
DEALERS
IN
FINE

57 YEARS' REPUTATION
FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. **JEWELS**

52 & 53, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London,
W. 1

Jewels Purchased, Exchanged, Valued or
Remounted.

James R.

AN INVITATION

Ogden
& Sons Ltd.

invite you to inspect their
collection of PEARLS, OLD
SILVER, JEWELS etc, at ...
41, Duke St. Piccadilly, W.1

ALSO AT HARROGATE

HEALTH AND SUNSHINE BECKON YOU TO EGYPT



SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO
A modern hotel standing in its own grounds. Beautiful suites of apartments. Large gardens. Restaurant and Grill Room.



CONTINENTAL SAVOY HOTEL, CAIRO
In the centre of the town, overlooking the Opera Square and the Edelkith Gardens. Excellent cuisine.



LUXOR HOTEL, LUXOR
A luxurious modern hotel, providing excellent accommodation at very reasonable rates. Centre of great archaeological interest.



MENA HOUSE HOTEL (PYRAMIDS), CAIRO
A veritable Oriental palace. At the foot of the great Pyramid, on the border of the Libyan desert. All sports.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, CAIRO
A popular family hotel in the centre of the town. Every modern luxury and convenience, including private bath for every room. Excellent cuisine. Exceptionally reasonable rates.

Health - giving sunshine invigorating and steady—you are sure of it in Egypt, where, among unique scenery and picturesque surroundings, the amenities of modern life and the mysteries of an ancient civilisation combine to offer the most alluring, the most romantic and the most satisfying holiday-making in the world. If you seek renewed health, if you desire sport, or the luxury of magnificently equipped hotels, or the archaeological interest of a country abounding in ancient monuments and relics of a past civilisation—go to Egypt!

Interesting and beautifully illustrated Brochure on Egypt and its many attractions may be obtained on application to L. Suter, Esq., Secretary General, Egyptian Hotels, Ltd., Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

HOTEL AND SHOOTING PAVILION
In FAYOUM PROVINCE, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Egypt. A Shooting Pavilion on the shores of LAKE KAROUN, a salt lake in the neighbourhood of FAYOUM, offers excellent facilities for shooting and fishing. Ideal for sportsmen.



SEMIRAMIS HOTEL, CAIRO
A palace of comfort and luxury in unrivalled situation. Commanding magnificent views of the Nile and surrounding country.



GRAND HOTEL, ASSOUAN
Situated on the banks of the Nile, in one of the most beautiful spots in Egypt.



WINTER PALACE, LUXOR
Situated on the banks of the Nile, within easy reach of the Valley of the Kings. One of the finest hotels in Upper Egypt.



CATARACT HOTEL, ASSOUAN

Built on granite foundations, above the river level, in dry surroundings and invigorating air.

HELOUAN

The only place near Europe where balneological treatment can be obtained during winter months in a summer climate. The Bathing and Thermal Establishment, on one floor level, is equipped with the most modern apparatus and appliances. Separate sections for ladies and gentlemen, European masseurs and resident medical staff. Helouan—

Egypt's premier health resort—stands on high ground, close to Cairo. The Grand Hotel offers everything necessary for the comfort of invalids, and special arrangements can be made for diet, attendance massage and other forms of treatment. Golf on finest sand links in the world. Tennis and dancing.

HAIRDRESSING, MANICURE, CHIROPODY,

—BY—
EXPERT ASSISTANTS.

E. S. Hill & Co. (1929) Ltd

Established over 50 years.
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
DEPARTMENTS.

Enquiries on all matters concerning the hair, either personal or by post, receive immediate attention gratis.

23, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

SOUTH FOR WINTER SUNSHINE



"Guides you need"—

*Says
Sunny South Sam*

"Winter Sunshine
Holidays in Southern
England"—Free

"The Peerless Riviera"
—Price 1/-

"Golfing in Southern
England and on the
Continent"—Free

From principal S.R. Stations
and Agencies, or post free from
Traffic Manager (Commercial),
London Bridge Station, S.E.1

Quickest way to Sunshine

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

CLIFF'S "UNIVERSAL" FEATHERWEIGHT UTILITY BAGS



For TRAVEL, SPORT & SHOPPING

Made in 5 sizes—15, 18, 21, 24 and 30 inches—in Real Goatskin (Tan, Blue, Green, Beige and Red), English Willow Calf (Brown only), Morocco (Tan, Blue and Green), English Pigskin (Natural), Waterproof Covert Cloth (Brown, Blue, Green, Beige and Red), with leather trimmings to match. Suitable for Golf, Light Shopping, Motoring, Air Travel, Week-ends, Tennis, etc., etc.

Prices: £1 1 0 to £4 10 0

Obtainable from Leather Goods Shops and Sports Dealers.

MADE BY JABEZ CLIFF & CO., LTD., WALSHALL, STAFFS.

The TATTLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1533. London, November 12, 1930

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 11d.; Foreign, 5d.

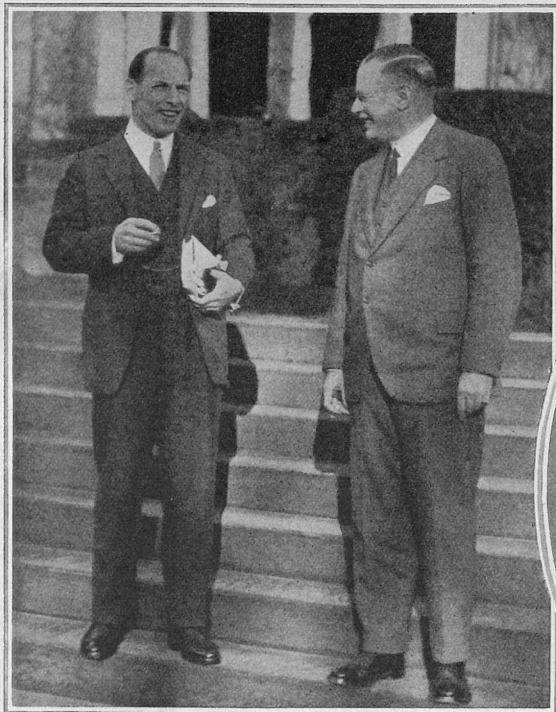
Price One Shilling



THE GRAND DUCHESS ILYINSKY-DMITRI

Bertram Park, Dover Street

The beautiful wife of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia. They are staying in London at the moment, and have been recently entertaining H.M. the Queen of Spain, who with her daughters is also on one of her welcome visits to this country. The Grand Duchess has a son, who is one who may have claims to the throne of Russia if ever again that disjointed country becomes a Monarchy, limited or otherwise



ANNING
EX-KING GEORGE II OF GREECE AND MR. E. C. WOODMAN

A snapshot at Ben Rhydding in Yorkshire last week, the place on the edge of the Moors near another famous health resort, Ilkley, which is not far from Leeds

The Letters of Eve



PETER NORTH
MRS. VYVYAN DRURY

One of the latest victims of the new method of trying to make people face the camera with, at any rate, resignation—called “camerhapsodies,” by Captain Peter North. Mrs. Vyvyan Drury is a grand-daughter of the late Lord Ypres and the elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edward and Mrs. French. She has a little girl called Romayne, who was born this summer

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
LISTEN, Friend. I have often wondered why people insist on discussing the idiosyncrasies of their friends before complete strangers in trains! Well and good if the remarks are complimentary, but usually they are of the most disparaging nature. While taking refuge in Christian names they seem to ignore the possibility that other people might be able to put two and two together and discover that “Mark and Amelia” suffer in common with a prophet in his own country.

This criticism is based on a conversation unavoidably overheard; perhaps the rumble of a train loosens the tongues of some in the same way that a bath tap affects others. Take warning.

* * *
If Claridge's in years to come should ever attain the dignity of a *monument historique* it is to be hoped that the record of all the royalties it has housed will be preserved. At lunch one day last week the Queen of Norway was at one table, and at another the King and Queen of Portugal, and that most beautiful woman, the Duchess of Aosta, whom all Italy unites in admiring. At dinner on the same day the Queen of Spain was one of the loveliest of visitors. She was with her elder daughter, the Infanta Beatrice, and her sister-in-law, Lady Carisbrooke, the latter looking, as I was delighted to observe, much stronger.

The new young Charles seems to be settling himself well in the footsteps of his predecessor, and I enjoyed the turn of the English and French singers. One



MRS. CLIVE CASTLE

At the Villa D'Este on Lake Como, where she has been staying, Mrs. Castle is a short-story writer, and writes under the pen-name of Molly Churton Castle

could not help thinking, however, that the band which plays during dinner might with advantage be moved a little farther away, so as to make conversation somewhat less exhausting.

* * *
It was there, too, that I saw Lord and Lady Holden of Alston. They seldom come up to London, and had made the opening of Parliament the occasion for this particular visit. Lady Holden is one of the rarer types of beauty. She is tall and slim, and has had white hair since she was twenty and the complexion that goes with it. She looked particularly well that night in a white satin dress with a blue bunched sash and long diamond ear-rings.

Lord Holden and his wife have now gone back to Wiganthorpe, the big Adams house some miles outside York, which they bought from the Fitzwilliams, and are entertaining a house-party for their four-day shoot next week. It is rather curious that though neither of them takes the least interest in hunting, their fourteen-year-old daughter is one of the most promising of the Middleton's young entry.

The Café Anglais was my next port of call that evening. The place was crammed, and when Douglas Byng had finished his repertoire of songs, most of which he writes himself, with one voice, like a well-trained chorus, everyone clamoured for "Rome."

On view at one table were Lady Seafield and her husband, just back from a round of Scottish visitings. Their *pied à terre* for the winter is to be Captain Glen Kidston's very nice ground floor flat in Grosvenor Square, which is distinguished by the possession of a front door to itself. With them were Miss Mala Brand, whose hair is the envy of most of us, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and two entertaining Americans, Mr. Monty Steel and Mrs. Wallace. The latter told me she had contemplated taking a canary back to the States until she was told that its ticket would cost £4. Apparently even gold fish have to pay their way. Would you believe it?

Everyone seemed to be in black and white, which is the most noticeable feature of the late autumn fashions. Mrs. Stephenson, one of the Dunsmuir sisters, was looking particularly *bien mise*. So was Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who was with Mr. Tony Ganderillos and Mr. Arturo Lopez. Miss Bankhead was talking about her impending departure for America and of letting her delightful house in Hill Street, near the corner of Berkeley Square. It is to be hoped that she will not be away too long, a victim to the lure of Hollywood.

Mr. Lopez—who comes from the Argentine, lives in Paris, and is very rich indeed—owns a Pekingese whose price, to him, is above rubies. During his masters



Poole, Dublin

LADY MOIRA FORBES, M.H.

The elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard, who has joined Captain N. W. Mayne as Joint Master of the Longford Harriers. This snapshot was taken at their opening meet at Danesfort, near Longford

absence in England, this precious small creature is brought daily to the telephone to send barking messages to London assuring Mr. Lopez that he is in good health if poor spirits.

The Cheshire Hounds' entertainments have been very churlishly treated by the weather this year. In the spring the point-to-point took place in a dank green fog and penetrating rain. Their hunter trials were no luckier, as



Halmains

AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS ELIZABETH SPROT, MISS EVELYN BAIRD, AND MISS MARGARET ORR

A threesome at the first tee. Miss Sprot is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Mark Sprot. Major Sprot was formerly in the Greys. Miss Evelyn Baird is the daughter of Major and Lady Hersey Baird, who is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham and Miss Orr, who was one of this year's debutantes, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Orr

the cold and wet were beyond description. The water-jump had to be changed when it had become a slough of despond, and Lady Daresbury's lonely site was a good imitation of a bog by the time she had judged the competitors, one by one, for conformation. Not an enviable job.

Mrs. Barbour of Bolesworth was successful in one class. She has a family of very good riding children, and one of them did the round with her, but was defeated by Mama. Miss Puckle won another event, and Captain Hayes took a trophy back to Staffordshire from under Cheshire's nose.

As an observant visitor, the question occurred to me whether members of this hunt have been taking their cubbing too quietly. The horses were much fitter than the jockeys, all of whom had bellows to mend after less than five minutes' activity.

Captain Jarmay's organizing powers were much in evidence, though he should have used his charm to propitiate the elements. His wife rode a tie in one round only to be beaten later. Everyone was delighted to see Captain and Mrs. Higson. They deserted Cheshire some time ago for the Cottesmore country, where their green collars of the Tarporley Hunt Club (the oldest in England) are always prominent. However, Mrs. Higson left a niece behind to carry on her hard-riding tradition. Mrs. Charles Tomkinson is more than equal to this, and in addition is most unfairly pretty.

Time passes with such express speed that Newmarket happenings already seem shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Forgive me for casting back a bit, but I want to tell you why the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who rarely race or bet, were on the winner of the Cambridgeshire. The night before the race someone dropped an envelope containing a nib into the letter-box at Hampden House, and the whole household took the hint.

(Continued on p. 284)



Lening

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND HER DAUGHTER, PATRICIA

A recent and very attractive portrait of the beautiful wife of Lord Louis Mountbatten and their only daughter, who was born in 1924. Lady Louis Mountbatten, who was Miss Edwina Ashley, was married in 1922

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

The final day's racing was saddened not only by the failure of all the favourites, but by the announcement that Mr. Tommy Dawkins, that most popular of all handicappers is retiring. I



LADY HUNLOKE AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH AT THE COURSING MEETING AT MENTMORE

The South of England Coursing Club meeting was held over Lord Rosebery's Bucks estate near Leighton Buzzard. Lady Hunloke is the wife of Sir Philip Hunloke, "Britannia's" famous racing coxswain. Lord Tweedmouth retired as a lieutenant-colonel in the Blues

longs to Major Jack Courtauld. This may not interest you, but it does me, as I've often seen it standing in the square and wondered who was the lucky owner.

For those of us who stayed in London the following wet week-end, a treat was provided in the shape of Arthur Rubinstein's recital at the Queen's Hall on the Saturday afternoon. I have never heard him play better. At least one Chopin étude and Petrouchka, the piano version of which was written specially for him by Stravinski, seemed almost miraculous, and he admitted himself that he felt in splendid form.

The happy band of admirers who lined up afterwards in the artist's room to congratulate him were, as usual, disappointed when he told them that he was leaving England next day, but he plays again over here on the 29th. There were very few empty seats beneath those white and trying ceiling lights. (Music is not lucky in its setting in this country). These gimlet illuminations revealed the familiar faces of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, Lady Jowett, who is one of Rubinstein's most enthusiastic supporters, the Ranees of Pudukota, Mrs. Ronnie Hamilton, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, while a bright spot in the audience was provided by Mrs. St. John Hutchinson's gloves of scarlet kid.

Sunday provided another important musical interlude. After lunching at that stronghold of feminine conservatism, the Ladies' Carlton, where I found quite a gathering including Lord Albemarle, Miss Marie Acton and her sister, I proceeded to the Albert Hall. There the cause of a mass meeting was Mischa Elman. Great expectations were not disappointed, and he played a varied programme exquisitely, especially the "Vioux Temps Fifth Concerto." He also paid tribute to Bach, and his rendering of the "Brahms D Minor Sonata" was a glorious achievement. Tremendous applause followed his own composition, a Tango.

Accompanists to a recital of this sort resemble to a certain degree bridegrooms at weddings, in that they are permitted so small a share in appreciative descriptions. But I am determined

that Marcel van Gool shall have his due meed of praise from me because he made music so deliciously.

Looking round during the intervals I espied Mrs. Denison-Pender, whose box had its usual complement of pretty people, one of them being that clever portrait-maker Mrs. Douglas Smith. One could not fail to see Mr. Peter Bull, the last born but by no means the least member of an amusing family, and Miss Katherine Browne-Clayton was another wrapt listener.

Taking my vagrant way among the galleries last week my steps led me to Will Dyson's drypoints at the St. George's. This most satirical of artists aims his sardonic pen at "Our Intellectuals" this time, and invariably hits the bull plumb in the eye. "Our Journalists," for instance, shows a gossip writer, coronetted proper, armed with fountain pen and note-book. His butler, with a bend sinister, eye to keyhole, is giving him the "dope." "I say, your Grace . . . it's a scoop. . . . Her Grace . . . Your aunt," etc.; but the title's too long, I recommend you to go and see it for yourself.

Mr. Dyson has his gibes at the psycho-analysts, and Dr. Freud figures in several of his drawings. In one he is seen introducing a fair client to her subconscious self, a hairy horror of the nightmare variety. Among "Our Immortals" are, of course, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Carlyle, Hardy, and Bernard Shaw. A scene from one of the latter's plays is shown, too, each character partaking facially of the stamp of the author himself. The winged figure holding a bowler hat and being suspected by the editor as a "sort of something different" is another marvellous effort by this discerning Australian artist, the genre of whose subtle wit recalls that of his fellow countryman, Norman Lindsay.

At least two honeymoon couples are finding it hard to leave the glamour of the south for our less clement climate. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williams, about whose wedding in Warwickshire I gave you full details not long since, have completely lost their hearts to Brioni and are quite unable to tear themselves away. Lord and Lady Waterford have been thoroughly enjoying Monte Carlo, but they mean to be back in Ireland before long so as not to miss too much of the hunting. Lady Waterford's new county will not be strange to her as she has often stayed over there with Lady Clodagh Anson who will now be a near neighbour.

I am assured that October is the perfect month for the Riviera. Lovely sun, no crowds, and no rushings, except down to the sea in skips. But I must bound to the post in haste.—Ever, EVE.



COURSING IN BUCKS: MISS SWAN AND MR. CHARLES TONGE, M.F.H.

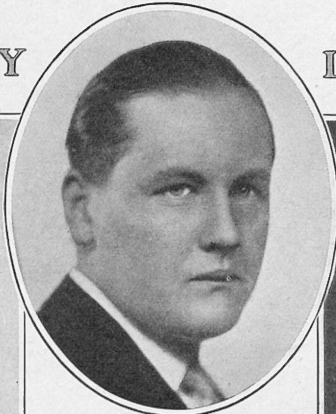
Who were also at the South of England Coursing Club meeting at Mentmore, Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire seat. Mr. Charles Tonge is Joint Master of the Belvoir, hunts hounds some days in the week and has done magnificent service last season and this on the hound side of things in the kennel

A FAMILY

LIKENESS



COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP



VISCOUNT ELMLEY, THE ELDEST OF THE FAMILY



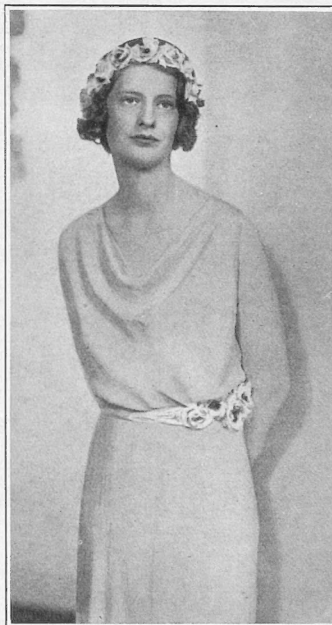
THE HON. RICHARD LYGON IS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD



EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G.



LADY MARY LYGON



LADY SYBIL LYGON

Photographs by Lenarc



LADY DOROTHY LYGON

Lord and Lady Beauchamp's family, of whom five members appear on this page, have inherited an almost unfair share of good looks. The feminine constituents are frequently described as "the lovely Lygons," and thoroughly deserve it. Lady Lettice, the eldest daughter, was married in June to Mr. Richard Cotterell. Lady Sybil comes next in order of seniority, then Lady Mary, and then Lady Dorothy, a debutante of this

year. Viscount Elmley, the eldest son, is twenty-seven. Lord Beauchamp owns an estate in Worcestershire, is Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, and an attractive speaker. He has held the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports since 1913. At the present age of his son he was Governor of New South Wales. Lady Beauchamp is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, and one of London's leading hostesses



Kenneth Alexandre
IN "WHOOPEE": MISS DOROTHY KNAPP

This film, which is now at the Tivoli, in the Strand, was made when summer suitings such as the beautiful Miss Knapp is wearing were possible, but unusual. She plays the part of an Indian Princess in support of Mr. Eddie Cantor, the star

THERE were only two things wrong with the otherwise really beautiful and satisfying film, *The Wind-jammer*, at the Regal. One was the total absence of music, canned or otherwise. There were times when, watching this picture, we ached for the old tunes with which the conductors of the now defunct cinema orchestras used to bring the sea to the ear, mind, and almost smell. It seemed almost impossible that this beautiful sailing-vessel should not lollap along to the strains of Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* Overture, or even to the same composer's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. Those old conductors, since now they seem part of an irretrievable past, knew a thing or two about fitting music to a film. Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* music was, of course, a gift even to the least imaginative of bâton-wielders. One remarkable thing to be noted in connection with this matter is the unanimity with which all conductors chose other of their sea-illustrations from Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture and the first movement of the "Fifth Symphony." I am not speaking here of those dreadful printed instructions imposed upon conductors in which the *ewig weibliche* second subject is regarded as an example of the style of music known to film-perpetrators as "light flowing."

A piece of music hardly ever used in the cinemas was Weber's "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," largely because it is a representation in sound not of Atlantic or Pacific but of the *prima donna* who looks as though, prior to waddling on to the concert platform, she had swallowed both. Curiously enough, or perhaps naturally enough, British music was never largely drawn upon to illustrate Britannia ruling the waves, because this would have meant waiving the rule about there being no British composers. Even during the War the music which accompanied the representation of our alleged naval victories was unremittently German, from which we can only draw the old moral that the conquered have their victories no less than the conquerors. Let me confess that I really did miss the old music as this film unwound. There was some dialogue which, strangely enough, was not at all bad. It must have been this which prompted the friend who went with me to ask whether Mr. A. P. Herbert had not had a finger in the dialectical pie. 'Tis very like, since you never quite know what Mr. Herbert may be up to. You meet Mr. Herbert in some high-brow

The Cinema

At the Regal

By JAMES AGATE

theatre in Hammersmith simmering down to intellectual contemplation after an arduous game of skittles in an alley of which he is at least the spiritual proprietor. Or you will meet him in the foyer at some fashionable West-end first night looking as though he were spiritually tossed and tumbled and explaining that he has come by river and moored his dinghy at Westminster Bridge. Mr. Herbert is one of the high spirits of our times and manages to be demure in "Punch" and demoniac in "The Week-End Review." I should not be at all surprised to hear that he had had a large hand in the dialogue of *The Wind-jammer*. But this is the purest shot in the dark and, of course, I may be all wrong.

This brings me to my second point, which is the poverty of this film's story. When I say poverty I really mean complete absence of any connection between the incidents. No! The reader is quite wrong. I do not desire that, half-way across the Pacific, Miss Clara Bow should emerge from what, if this were a steam-ship, would be its coal-bunkers. Wind-jammers and tramp-steamers are not the place for feminine interest. But there are other interests in life as anybody except film-magnates are aware. Why has it not occurred to anybody to film, for example, Conrad's "Typhoon?" But here I really must stop grumbling for it was my purpose when I began this article to say how completely I had enjoyed everything in connection with what is a triumphantly lovely picture. It is a platitude of film-criticism that the best of all film-actors is the sea. I imagine that white and gleaming sails are also pretty good film-actors. It is curious how before the sense of height and consequent dizziness can come into operation there must be some connection with terra firma. People who go much in aeroplanes tell me that there is no sense of falling, and I can look without disturbance at the most thrilling feats of aeroplanes in, for example, *Hell's Angels*. The top of a mast is a very different matter, and to watch the men furling the sails in this picture and being almost blown off their precarious eyrie was to me a highly vertiginous experience. An extremely moving incident occurs when the rigging breaks, a sailor falls, and we watch the simple burial at sea. This is beautifully done, without exaggeration and without sentimentality.

It occurs to me here that a lovely film might be made out of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and I make a present of the notion to any decent-minded film-company with the sole proviso that they should engage somebody to put the film together who is an artist and, as such, has the proper respect for Synge's work. I can think of nobody better than Mr. A. P. Herbert, whose sole task would be to show the lives of the Irish fisher-folk precedent to the raising of Synge's curtain. After that the play could follow in its entirety. No film-producing company, decent-minded or otherwise, will take any notice of this suggestion. But if the impossible should happen I beg to bring to that company's notice the fact that Miss Sara Allgood, whose greatest play this is, has already proved herself to be a magnificent film-actress. In the meantime let me say that anybody desiring to spend a quiet, contemplative couple of hours watching fine photography, and some actors who look as though they really lived on the sea instead of hanging about the street-corners of Elstree, could not do better than spend their time at this film if and when it ever re-appears. There was another film which concerned the inhabitants of the Edinburgh Zoo, though I hardly think that one lion, a dozen or so of parrots, and an undersized elephant do justice to what I am sure is an enterprise of scope. The film announced for the week in which this article is to appear is entitled *Dixiana*, and judging by some preliminary selections this is much more likely to resemble the Mappin Terrace than the doldrums in which our sailors were becalmed. Venus rising from the foam is an altogether antiquated fancy; Miss Bébé Daniels, rising from the interior of a gigantic egg and proceeding to croon modern melodies in an eighteenth-century French costume is a notion altogether newer and snappier.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxii



ORPHEUS—MODERN VERSION

By Will Dyson

Mr. Will Dyson's gentle satire is well exemplified in his exhibition of dry points at St. George's Gallery, which he calls a collection of "Our Intellectuals." The identity of this modern "Orpheus" is not disclosed, but to some of the others, which will be published in this paper in due course, it is not so difficult to attach a label. Mr. Will Dyson and M. Louis Raemakers were the spear-head of the allied (cartoonist) attack during the War, and since then the English artist has roamed far and wide in search of material—perhaps—but has now returned to us with a greater and more mellowed art, as these extremely clever etchings testify

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

Every year as one gets older the country seems blinder, but it can surely never have been so blind as when the Quorn met at Kirby Gate on Monday, November 3, with the keep in the fields up to the horses' knees. Despite the rumours of no one hunting at Melton this year the crowd seemed just as large and twice as dangerous as usual. There were several notable absentees, including Major Burnaby whom the papers report as having sprained a muscle when playing with the children. This is not the first recorded instance of someone receiving an injury during a romp at jack-pots with little Hoby. Another of our bravest, whose faultlessly trained horses no doubt gave him the idea, has devoted his art to the benefit of mankind at the trifling charge of about a shilling a time, cocktails included, at his tonsororial emporium in Bond Street. His wife, however, had torn herself away for the day and was having a good gallop over the fields of permanent wave round Burrough. Among others I noticed (to quote a fellow-contributor) were Mrs. Colman in a blue costume with a bran new (and very becoming) silk hat, Lord Ebrington's second horseman in the identical black Stetson his lordship was wearing with such distinction one day during the cubbing season, and the Earl of Carnarvon a striking figure in sealing-wax red with a large purple posy and a log and chain hat attachment. Most of the perennial Americans are arriving later, but some are here already, including Mrs. Van Renzler, who has taken Kirby Cottage from Percy who, alas, is not hunting with us this season. Gar-tree Hill was blank, but the remainder of the draw and the adjacent Cottesmore country was very well foxed, and hounds were running nearly all day to account for a brace of foxes and as near as nothing a leash. For two hours everyone had all the galloping and jumping they could want, the only falls noticed being . . . well perhaps not, they may be wanting to sell some time.

With every pack there has been a change this season; Sir Harold Nutting coming in with the Quorn, Colonel Colman with the Belvoir, and Mr. Baird carrying on alone with the Cottesmore owing to the tragic death of his partner. From the depths of our ignorance may we say we have never seen hounds looking better or servants better mounted, and barring a hard winter we should be in for more fun than ever.

From the Fernie

These last days of cub-hunting have increased the fields. Many familiar figures, whom we should miss much from the covert side, have appeared each successive morning.

The Stockerston gathering on Monday, October 27, gave us the first touch of winter rawness and those out found the hill-sides rather exposed for comfort. Woodland hunting was the order of the day with a kill in Stockerston Wood.

Thursday at Thorpe Langton by contrast was delightfully warm and many visitors were amongst our ranks. The Melton Lady of polo renown who was mounted on a fractious steed, which in other hands would probably have had someone on the floor, led the advance. Horse freshness was infectious as all were in high fettle.

Other Quornites included Captain "Jim" Sherrard, Mrs. Mather Jackson, and Mr. Lloyd Thomas. It seemed incongruous to observe Wilson, their late huntsman, afoot, as hounds were running. Four foxes were killed this day, making the bag of a record season fifty-two to date.

Our opening meet takes place on Monday at Gumley, when the "rat-catcher" attire will give way to resplendent pink. There is usually a flutter in the dove-cot over new kit which at the last moment does not always reach expectations and causes disturbance of mind as to whether all will be well. The young Diana who bid 400 guineas for a hunter at the Repository, which was not accepted, had a lucky escape. The animal died in his box the same night.

From Warwickshire

One more week then Compton Verney—soft hats packed away, bowlers and veils cropping up like crocuses in spring. Does this account for our wonderful juvenile from Wellesbourne jumping the stiff timber at Gospel Oak, from which Cox gave us fun on a scentless "blue day?" In the far from the Tarmac Land—what a hollaoing and a shouting along the brook-side and what a real scentless day, yet the dog hounds worked their fox off Brailles a four-mile crow-flight to Traitor's Ford.

Bang! Outsider wins Cambridgeshire—our race-goers lose money, and a hunt from Debdale produces a 5½-mile point to ground at Willoughby Osiers! Jumping Jane, a picture to watch, and what luck to have fifty years ahead of her, to say nothing of the Admiral who could not keep off, or to be accurate "out" of the water—only this time it was not salt. Then the language and the kicking in the gate—but it's all in the game, and that the best there ever was.

Replies to Correspondents:

UNDERGRADUATE.—Shabash! Well ridden! Though the horses belong to mother, we suggest you keep the prize money and father pays the horse-box hire.

PESSIMIST.—Fox-hunting, like old soldiers, will never die—not even fade away.

From the Heythrop

The cub-hunting season came to an end on Friday the 31st and exactly thirty brace of foxes were accounted for. Following the usual custom, the Saturday before the opening meet was a *dies non* set aside for spit and polish in readiness for Monday's carnival, i.e. for the M.F.H.'s to polish up their vocabulary but to practice refraining from spitting in doing so.

(Continued on p. vi)



THE SOUTHWOLD (EAST) OPENING MEET

Howard Barrett

A group taken at Well Vale Hall, East Lincolnshire—Major and Mrs. Rawnsley's house—on the opening day last week. Included in it, left to right, are: Front row—Mr. and Mrs. Holiday Hartley, Major Newman (who is whipping in to them), Mrs. Walter Rawnsley (the Master's wife), Major T. Jessop (who is hunting hounds, and who is a former master). Second row—Miss Jessop (in rain-coat), Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Gainsford, Major Walter Rawnsley, M.F.H., Mr. J. W. Ramsden (an ex-Master), and Mr. W. Gainsford. At back—Mrs. J. W. Ramsden, and Mrs. T. Jessop.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION BANQUET.



AT THE GUILDHALL DINNER—BY FRED MAY

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made a great appeal at the Guildhall Banquet of the League of Nations' Union for what he termed "the greatest crusade of all—the crusade for world peace." Lord Cecil, the Union's president, who took the chair, naturally was pleased with the immediate response which H.R.H. obtained, thanks to a generous gift from Sir Louis Baron. The co-operation of the Dominions in the organization of the peace of the world is one of the main items on the agenda of the Imperial Conference, and the delegates from the Dominions could not have met the delegates from the recent assembly at Geneva under better auspices than those of the League of Nations' Union, internationally linked as it is with similar societies in some forty other countries. The message sent by His Majesty the King to the banquet should do much to stimulate this educated public opinion, which it is the main object of the Union to foster. The speakers who followed His Royal Highness were the Prime Minister of Canada, the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, Lord Passfield, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Dean Inge.



MR. CECIL BEATON AS SOMEONE SEES HIM
Mr. Beaton, who is a very diligent Society photographer and also a modern artist, has just published a book on beautiful women

speculative investment. It's comparatively easy for a man. All he has to do is to ask a girl to share his worldly goods. If he hasn't got any, he's no worse off; but the girl has lost her best market entirely. What is she to do? Love-in-a-cottage is all very well, but it's hell's life always to have to take a bath in a bucket. Besides, the cottage may be sold over her head, and then with a couple of children, the "latest thing" in love becomes a bedraggled garment. They are only those who look on from outside to admire the brave struggle who see the glory in it. So if a girl does fall in love with a young man with no "actual" and small "potential," she really has to face a proper problem. The best, because the wisest, is to look romantic and act mercenary. But to be romantic is fatal, unless you can guide the happy feeling into comfortable channels. All a girl wants out of a man she loves is just—love. There is far more, however, to be got out of the man who just loves *her*. Providing, of course, she knows the tricks of the trade. Someone like Peggy Hopkins Joyce, for instance, who, in her amusing book, "Men, Marriage, and Me" (Bles. 7s. 6d.), seemed able to get hold of millionaires and squeeze diamonds out of them with amazing ease. True, most of the millionaires were better at big business than love, but, nevertheless, the book proves once more that a baulked infatuation is a much richer mine to strike than the profits of a romantic fidelity. In any case, P. H. J. began her life by running away to join a cycle-act on the music-hall stage and ended up in a palatial villa at Cap d'Ail weighed down by diamonds and the finest sables. She was beautiful, of course, but beauty is not enough. What more is required, she had. Therefore, she wiped her boots on millionaire pates, and they rolled over and asked for more. Meanwhile, while the go-getting was good, she got. I don't know quite how many husbands she had, but they were all rich. Most men are only generous for a season, and once that season is passed, a wife's extravagances have too often to come out of her own allowance. Should any woman wake up to this fact too late she must go get her another husband—the present one won't care *what* she wants so long as she gets it herself. Peggy Hopkins Joyce seemed to have been born with this knowledge. She left all her husbands while they were still under the glamour, all except Mr. Hopkins, or was it Mr. Joyce, who divorced her amid an avalanche of unjust accusations, leaving, happily, a 2,000,000-dollar alimony behind him. Most women could give a husband the gay good-bye after that! "Men, Marriage, and Me" is thus the story of her stage and matrimonial career. It isn't the least bit sordid but it is quite entertaining and sometimes witty. Wise, too, in a shallow kind of way. There are no broken hearts in it, because there are, in reality, no hearts to break. She belonged to a "set" which carries their "souls" in their purses. And love can be one of life's very nicest thrills under such circumstances. Perhaps that is why P. H. J. has enjoyed her life so much and makes us enjoy her book. We are not moved by her sorrows but we should consider it almost a personal loss if the moth got into her sables. That comes of being good company!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

This Love Business.

The reason why love is a woman's whole existence is because it is at once the romance of her life as well as its pure business. However lovely the immediate dividends may be, only the fool risks his all on a purely

Thoughts from "Men, Marriage, and Me."

"A woman can be very charming to men and still be a total loss to women."

"Life for a girl on her own is like a merry-go-round, it keeps on going faster and faster until you fall off, and then it all depends on how you fall and where."

"I have found that too often you lose a friend as soon as a man says 'I love you.'"

"Anyone is a fool to do something someone else can do better. One should always make a practice of doing the thing one can do better than anyone else, that is the way to be famous."

"A woman's idea of being a good friend is to tell you something that you would rather not hear and that makes you very unhappy."

"Ninety per cent. of anything a woman says is a lie, and the 10 per cent. of truth just slips out. There is no woman living who is physically or mentally capable of telling the true story of her life."

Very Little for Three-and-sixpence.

This is a purely imaginary conversation between Mr. Martin Secker and Miss Rebecca West. M.S.: "I want you to write a short book on D. H. Lawrence." Miss West: "*Me!*" M.S.: "Yes, the combination of Lawrence as subject and you as author ought to sell like hot cakes." Miss West: "But I've only met him once—or was it twice? I'm not even quite sure I've read all his books. Surely. . . ." M.S.: "Oh, all that's perfectly san-fairy-an. Go ahead!" So Miss West went ahead—although, of course, all that conversation is purely imaginary and is merely suggested to my mind by reading her little book, "D. H. Lawrence" (Secker. 3s. 6d.). She begins: "It is difficult to describe accurately the effect that D. H. Lawrence's death had on London." For several pages, however, she describes it all the same. She quotes from several obituary notices. She concludes: "The prevalent feeling was well described by a young man, a critic and a poet, who said to me the other day, 'I've felt rather ill since Lawrence died,'—which literary affectation, I must confess, made me want to laugh. Then Miss West goes on to describe *This Way to Paradise*,



Peter North

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

The famous author, who in these days is devoted to gramophones and is the editor of "The Gramophone." It is on the more serious side of literary and dramatic art that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is best known as his very numerous books and plays amply testify

(Cont. on p. 232)

MOST UNREASONABLE

By George Belcher



"What's the matter with yer?" I says, "'ain't I punctual with the rent, reg'lar every Saturday, and only three months behind?"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

his life, his mental outlook on the human world. Totally different, of course, from the Lawrence imagined by the crowds who, knowing his reputation, have only read, or tried to get hold of the more shocking of his books. This little excursion into the country is rather charmingly described. It very nearly brings the book to an end, however. There is, nevertheless, a very lengthy quotation from a letter by Catherine Carswell which was printed in "Time and Tide" recently. That actually does finish off the book on p. 44, unless, of course, you include the final paragraph supplied by Miss West: "We must ourselves be grievously defeated if we do not regard the life of D. H. Lawrence as a spiritual victory." All the same, it is quite a readable little book which you can finish in less than half-an-hour. It tells us, however, very little about Lawrence and nothing that is new. It is merely a magazine article which on account of its aristocratic birth was born into a stiff cover.

I am bound to confess that almost any writer might have written it, and if you regard the lengthy quotations in it, quite a number of people actually did. Which is astonishingly unlike any book by Rebecca West, who has generally quite enough to write about on her own account, and does so—more brilliantly than almost anybody else as a rule.

Lawrence's Last Novel.

All the same, there is a subtle but distinct evidence of "persecution mania" suggested by Miss West as an explanation of Lawrence's attitude towards Society in his last novel, "The Virgin and the Gipsy" (Martin Secker. 6s.), published a week or two ago. Whenever a life is, so to speak, haunted by a special bogey, that bogey is unrecognizable except in the mind of the haunted. Which is why it is always so useless to cry "Pooh!" to anyone who imagines that his whole life is up against something or someone. We, of course, can't see the bogey. Can't realize how everlastingly it is there. Can't realize that in the mind of the persecuted it is thinking, speaking, acting quite naturally. To us it is no bogey at all. Simply an unfortunate illusion. Lawrence's life was haunted by the bogey of condemnation and persecution by the conventional, the respectable, the intellectually blind.

Always was he fighting this special bogey in his life. The unnecessary grossness in certain of his stories is but, as it were, a fearful challenge thrown out to this monster who pursued him. Naturally in England certain of his books were banned. That was surely evidence enough. Really it wasn't. Only there are certain things you can't say or do in public and out loud, so to speak. It is not, however, a question of morals so much as manners. There is no offence against manners in "The Virgin and the Gipsy," although, quite probably, the theme running through the book and the last episode of all will shock a lot of silly people, whose opinions, however, don't matter because they are founded upon nothing but their emotional prejudices. As everyone knows who has lived at all with their eyes open, there are two kinds of affairs. There is the love affair and there is the lust affair; and the latter is the more violent, the more unmanageable, the more disruptive. Lawrence's last novel is the vivid, the haunting story of a nice

girl's unconscious lust after a gipsy. Mentally the man did not interest her. He was much beneath her in the social scale. He was married, living in squalour. They had scarcely exchanged two sentences of conversation alone. Yet, whenever she was with him it was as if she were someone quite different, without logic, without reason, impelled by an urge which she did not understand to seek him out; attracted by him and yet at the same instant repelled. Of course the moment he looked into her eyes the gipsy realized his power—as every lust-lover does. He didn't force himself upon her. He knew that it wasn't necessary. He could bide his time, and he did. The opportunity came; a violent, unexpected, tragic opportunity, but they seized it even in the face of death. She was no longer a virgin after that. Yet the gipsy had passed on his way. Until he wrote to her hoping that one day they would meet again she did not even know his name. That is the end. Well, there is nothing

shocking in such a theme, because it is one of the themes of life. The virgin, as well as the gipsy, are drawn by a master's hand. The other characters, the characters who presumably would persecute both the virgin as well as the gipsy did they ever find out what had occurred between them, these—because they are part of Lawrence's bogey—are unreal, exaggerated. The speech of the girl's father, an intelligent and broad-minded clergyman, when he learns that his daughter has become friendly with a man and a woman, living together, awaiting the woman's divorce, is not only unlike anything we had been led to associate with him, but is almost pure bogey. "How often have you seen them?" he demands, "Oh, I've just been over twice." "Over where?" "To their cottage in Scoresby." "He looked at her in hate as if he could kill her. And he backed away from her, against the window curtains of his study, like a rat at bay. Somewhere in his mind he was thinking unspeakable depravities about his daughter. . . . And these depravities which he attributed to the still uncowed but frightened girl in front of him, made him recoil, showing all his fangs in his handsome face." And this simply because his daughter had two acquaintances who for the moment were living under a social cloud! Oh, pure bogey! There remains,



Producer of Amateur Theatricals: This may be "The Comedy of Errors," but I'll trouble you to put in a little more comedy and rather fewer errors

however, the genius of the writer in his delineation of the human characters he knows and understands and so he is not frightened by. "The Virgin and the Gipsy," although it has been published without the author's final revision and as the MSS. stood at his death, is extraordinarily complete. Besides the girl and the man it contains a remarkable study of an old woman who has lived far too long; yet not for an instant will she relax the hold she has on her family circle so that they dare scarcely move without her approbation. A horrible character, drawn in venom yet with truth.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

MAKING A START

Opening Fixtures
in
Various Countries



BICESTERITES: MRS. STANLEY BARRY
AND SIR MERVYN MANNINGHAM-
BULLER AT STRATTON AUDLEY



AT STAGSHAW: LADY ALLEN-
DALE AND HER CHILDREN

Fox-hunters have come into their own again, and are once more experiencing the thrills and spills attendant upon the best sport of all. Prospects are excellent everywhere, and if the country is terribly blind, who cares? The game is well worth the tumble. These pictures are all concerned with opening fixtures. Lady Allendale and her younger children, the Hon. Ela and the Hon. Richard Beaumont, saw the Tynedale make a start from the home of the veteran Master, Mr. John Straker, who has had these hounds for forty-seven seasons. Lord and Lady Apsley met the Beaufort at Newton Lodge, and, with the Duke hunting hounds, a capital day's sport followed. In spite of moderate scent, the Bicester had good fun, too. They met at the kennels, and found their first fox in Poodle Gorse. Lord Ormonde's place, Kilkenny Castle, was the Kilkenny's first try, and his son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Ossory, were there to see the fun. The young Duke of Northumberland rode the late Duke's favourite hunter when the Percy Hounds held their opening meet at Chathill. The Duchess of Northumberland has taken over the Mastership, with Mr. J. C. Fenwick acting as Field-Master



IN BEAUFORTSHIRE: LORD AND LADY APSLEY



WITH THE KILKENNY: LORD AND
LADY OSSORY AT KILKENNY CASTLE



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND ON SILVERTOP

Poole, Dublin

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

By Smith to Australia.

SMITH, the omnipresent Nordic nobody and everybody, the teetly and tribal Smith, attacked the air route to Australia eleven years ago to-day, and has knocked it out after a battle which raged furiously right from the opening gong on November 12, 1919. On that date Rose Smith and Keith Smith dashed in and began an energetic offensive. With Sergeants Bennet and Shiers as mechanics they set off for Sydney in their Vickers Vimy and reached Australia in 27 days 20 hours and so won the £10,000 prize offered by the Commonwealth Government for the first Australian airman to fly the distance in less than 30 days. This round of the contest was even. In the next round Squadron - Leader Bert Hinkler, who took up the fight on February 7, 1928, flew the distance in 15½ days. Then came another Smith, Wing - Commander Kingsford - Smith who, on June 25, 1929, rushed in with a vicious left jab to the body and knocked the route through the ropes in 13 days. In the fourth and last round he attacked again with undiminished fury in his Gipsy Avian and in ten days knocked the route completely out. Now the route has been so much flown over that it frightens nobody; it is a world champion no longer, and the pioneer schedule of 27 days is not beyond the reach of any private aeroplane-owner of average flying ability in good weather. Thus simply by incessant flying over does a route lose its terror and become tamed and amenable to the handling of successively weaker pilots.

Australia, if the international difficulties could be overcome, and if the ground organization were slightly amplified, would now be within the range of a three months' holiday by air. Among the important Empire routes the Canadian route alone remains unconquered.

Flying-ships.

ANOTHER line of development which is of Empire importance is the line taken by the flying-ship. By the time these notes appear the Dornier Do. X. should have arrived at Calshot and left again on her Atlantic flight. She is now fitted with Curtiss engines, but is otherwise the same as when she took up 169 passengers and so established a record for passenger carrying among all aircraft both lighter and heavier than air. That she will make a profound

impression there can be no doubt. Dr. Dornier is to be congratulated upon a brilliant performance. But I think that the method of developing flying-ships which is being pursued in this country is preferable to the German. The six-engined Supermarine, though less spectacular than the Dornier, is likely to be safer and more certain than a forty-seven-ton machine can yet be. The Dornier Do X. seems to be too great a step to take at once. Nevertheless we have little

to feel self-satisfied about in the progress we have made in flying-boats. No vehicle is likely to play a more important part in the future development of the Empire; yet we have given them no special encouragement. Much more money ought to be available for developing the flying-boat. We have in the new Handley-Page forty-seaters probably the most advanced practical type of land-going aeroplane that is possible with existing knowledge. But the limit of possibility in the flying-boat is nowhere in sight.

* *

The Art of Nagging.

NO husband or wife has ever mastered the art of nagging so completely as the British police force. I have issued warnings from time to time that that force would be sure to start nagging in the field of aviation unless the Air Ministry acted for the aviator rather than against him as it now does.

Now we have Mr. Allen of Henlys being put to the trouble of providing for a representative in a police court in order to answer to a charge of not having the Certificate of Airworthiness on his Sports Avian. When he landed near Derby he was asked by a constable to produce his licence, which he did, but he found that the Certificate of Airworthiness of his machine had been left at Heston. The police were triumphant; the machinery of justice was put in motion; reports were filled in; charge sheets made out, and Mr. Allen was forced to pay 4s. costs. What good—economic, political, moral, technical, or religious—that unsuccessful prosecution can be said to have done it is difficult to see. Certainly it cost the country more than the 4s. Mr. Allen had to pay. Equally certainly it added its small quota to the total of petty naggings which tend to destroy the pleasures of flying. The Air Ministry ought to support the aviator against all comers, instead of supporting all comers against

(Cont. on p. xxii)



THE No. 4. (ARMY CO-OP.) SQUADRON

r. King & Co.

The squadron is stationed at Farnborough, and its machines, one of which is seen in the picture, are Armstrong-Whitworth Atlases with Armstrong-Siddeley Jaguar engines. The names in the group, left to right, are: Petty Officer J. A. Simpson, Flight-Lieut. T. Humble, Squadron-Leader S. Toomer, D.F.C., Flight-Lieut. C. H. Schofield, Squadron-Leader C. E. H. Medhurst, O.B.E., M.C., Flying Officer R. W. Stevens, Flying Officer H. A. Fenton, Flying Officer C. C. O'Grady, Flying Officer N. McLeod, Petty Officer H. C. Singleton



MRS. MUNIO

Who was one of the first women to hold a pilot's licence. A snapshot at a recent gliding meeting



MRS. LIPPENS

The world's record woman glider pilot at a recent "sky-sailing" meeting held somewhere in Sussex



SITTING TO MUSIC

Camerhapsodies of the Duchess of Sutherland

A musical accompaniment to camera activities is Captain Peter North's latest method of making sitters not only look but feel pleasant. Each subject chooses a favourite air, and this is then played while the lens registers its effect. The Duchess of Sutherland's selection was the "Crusaders' March," played on the bagpipes. An exhibition of "camerhapsodies," Captain North's good name for this new idea in photography, opened at 28, Old Burlington Street, last week. The Duchess of Sutherland, who is now in residence at Hampden House, is a close friend of the Queen of Spain. Her husband has been mentioned as a possible successor to Lord Irwin as Viceroy of India



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

THE PASSING SHOWS

"It's a Boy," at the New Strand Theatre



WOMAN TO WOMAN, OR BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

The high-spot of Act II—a joint impersonation of "John Tempest," the lady novelist, by Mr. Leslie Henson as Mr. Skippett, Solicitor, and Mr. Sydney Howard as the Mystery Boy from Bradford

INVERESK House, THE TATLER'S weekly birth-place, commands a fine view of Comedy Corner. Just across the road is the Gaiety, where Messrs. Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino specialize in broad comedy set to music with the word "love" as a *sine qua non* in the title. Near by is the Aldwych, for many moons the playground and gold mine of Messrs. Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn and Ben Travers. Nearer still is the Strand, once the home of lost causes, but now redecorated, re-christened the New Strand Theatre, and occupied by Mr. Leslie Henson and his supporters. The old crimson plush atmosphere has gone. Fresh green paint has burgeoned outside and in, and the decay of autumn has given way to the tra-la-la of spring.

The Henson policy is Farce—good, honest-to-British, bring-your-mothers-and-daughters farce. Patrons of the Edwardian lighter stage would scarcely recognize this new form of entertainment. Farce, under the old rules, meant bedroom doors, banging and ever banging. It implied at once something rather naughty, borrowed from the French and watered down to British limits of fast and loose. The result was a hotch-potch of marital infidelity and dressing-gown innuendo, liable to flounder in mid-Channel! after a vain struggle between the Scylla of Idiom and the Charybdis of Temperament.

It's a Boy (one may safely wave aside its German original) is a specimen of the new farce which has its roots in



THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN

The worried widower (Mr. Austin Melford) tells the tale to his second wife (Miss Vesta Sylva)

the loam of English humour. Heavy soil, if you like, but sane and healthy. The delicate shoots of subtlety and satire may flourish elsewhere. To the American his wise-crack and his sob-stuff; to the Frenchman his *mari* and his *maitresse*. If you want an Englishman to laugh himself silly, trot out the banana skin and the kick in the pants; the small hat on the large head; the little man in the big man's trousers, or, better still, in no trousers at all. The loudest laugh at the Aldwych comes from a vision of bald-headed respectability deprived of its lower vestments. The surest joke of all is a Lie. A lie that grows like a grain of mustard seed. A lie that spins itself like a web about the deceivers, dragging them deeper and deeper into the toils of falsehood and invention. It is Rule One that the first lie is a harmless subterfuge between expectant nephew and rich uncle or newly-married husband and unsuspecting wife. It is Rule Two that the liar or his accomplice (the latter is essential because the whole point of two people lying is that one must contradict the other) should either pretend to be somebody else or get another somebody to do it for them.

Mr. Austin Melford, the author, has produced in *It's a Boy* a fine, bouncing off-spring, which owes nothing to Gaul and everything to Britain. His trump-card is that sublime sense of the ridiculous which converts sober, intelligent people into hysterical children. When sanity returns the excuses are always the same: "I couldn't help laughing; it was all so *dam silly!*"

And silly it is. So silly that you realize that authors and producers who can make familiar situations ten times funnier than they usually are must indeed be complete masters of their trade. You realize, too, that the ideal partnership between comedians is a process of luck or discovery more intricate than the blending of tobacco. Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno, George Grossmith and Teddy Payne, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn—and now Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard. *Funny Face*, especially that classic drinking scene, showed us what to expect from this heaven-sent combination of the quick and the slow, the thin and the thick. Mr. Howard is sufficient individualist to understand the art of being the perfect foil. Conceive the affection of a self-effacing sea-lion for a gurgling goldfish and you have a faint idea of the kinship between these two irresistible buffoons. Give the sea-lion a pair of flippers more eloquent than hands, two eyes of limpid blueness set in the frank countenance of a middle-aged cherub, two deprecatory legs whose knees seem to be for ever in wobbling communion, and a slight Lancashire accent, and you have a slight impression of Mr. Howard. As for Mr. Henson, "far be it me from it" (this tongue-twister with variations *ad lib.*, is part of the back-chat) to compare him seriously to a goldfish. That fish lies about bowls in a stagnant condition and is deadly dull. "Looking at you," says Mr. Howard, swaying coyly from the hips with a slight list to port, and re-washing his flippers with invisible soap, "I should back Fish-face for the Cambridgeshire." Personally I would back Mr. Henson's face against every tank in the Aquarium, every gurnet suffering from laryngitis, and never tire of watching it work. Strictly speaking it isn't a face at all, but an Act of God. For this stroke of Providence let us be truly thankful.

It's a Boy succeeds, apart from anything else, by planting a widely comic situation in each Act. In the first we have the arrival of Joe Piper (Mr. Howard) in a state of mild intoxication from Bradford. "Daddy," cries this roving tipster, formerly the bearded lady of a travelling circus, grasping young Mr. Leake (Mr. Melford) by the hand. But Mr. Leake objects to being grasped. To-day is the first anniversary of his second wedding, and here, with Mrs. Bogle his mother-in-law (Miss Connie Ediss) and Mr. Bogle (Mr. Henry Crocker), asking for news of a grand-child; here is a low, common person, aged forty, appearing from the blue, urged on by James Skippett (Mr. Leslie Henson) of Skippett, Hoppit, Skippett, and Howe, and claiming to be the long-lost son of his first wife, an obliging landlady, to whom he was married for three hours only before she died.



IT'S A FACT

That as parlourmaids go Peters (Miss Muriel Montrose) would go quicker than most



IT'S A GIRL

The real lady novelist, divinely tall and most divinely fair (Miss Marjorie Brooks) who had to be impersonated for reasons too complicated to mention

As the length of the last sentence is indicative of the complications of the story—as plots go this one goes on for ever—no more need be said concerning the parenthood of the missing link except that in the end responsibility suddenly veers in the direction of "Tatty

Whiskers" of the Norfolk jacket, alias Mr. Bogle himself. Nobody seemed to mind however, and even Mrs. Bogle treated the baby-in-the-basket incident as a harmless wedding joke. To work out the final relationships is a job for a senior wrangler assisted by the Commissioners in Lunacy.

All that matters is that in Act II Messrs. Henson and Howard both dress up as "John Tempest," the lady novelist, to the delight of that charmer herself; that Mr. Howard brings down the curtain by appearing in blue woollen rompers, bowling a hoop (his costume for the Baby Ball at Putney); and that in Act III the same impostors get gloriously "squiffed" on rum and milk and lose themselves in an alcoholic haze of legal terminology over a will. How excruciatingly laughter-making are these absurdities is beyond the printed word to describe. Mr. Henson's short-skirted Bohemian mother of eleven exchanging womanly indiscretions over the powder-puff with Mr. Howard's matronly mountain of purple velvet (House-wives may note that the simplest method of preserving gooseberries is to shave them and serve them as grapes) is alone worth the price of admission. As for the drinking scene, few seances could better stress the brighter side of departed spirits or the bracing properties of a "nice drop of milk."

There is just enough space left to pay tribute to Mr. Melford's combined efforts as author and actor; Miss Connie Ediss's warm and welcome bonhomie; Mr. Crocker's beard and model yacht; Miss Vesta Sylva's wifely distraction, and Miss Muriel Montrose's sprightly parlourmaid. I should hesitate to describe Miss Marjorie Brooks, as Mr. Skippett did before he kissed her on the sofa with an abandon which surprised the author of *One Purple Night*, as "Four-and-a-half yards of Fun and Nonsense." That sounds like *l'ère majesté* in the case of a blonde goddess to whose gifts of poise and grace the gods have added a sense of humour. Nobody in their senses can fail to enjoy this orgy of nonsense, although you have to get out of them to do so. Far be it me from it to prophesy how long it will run. After two hours the strain on the ribs is so persistent that laughter becomes almost automatic. "Look what your mice have done to my trousers," says Mr. Howard revealing the seat of those garments devastated as if by wolves. "Think what your trousers may have done to my mice," retorts Mr. Melford. Then, as the last straw, Mr. Henson leaps upon the sofa in a convulsion of tickleishness and produces a series of facial and bodily contortions guaranteed to finish off anyone with a weak heart. There ought to be a hospital nurse at the back of the stalls—with "a nice drop of milk."

"TRINCULO."



IT'S A BOY

Miss Connie Ediss in negligée as the mother whose much-wanted grand-child turned out to be older than his supposed step-father and a good deal else besides

The Hallowe'en



THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY-FANE
AND LADY ENID TURNOR



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
AND LADY ALISTAIR INNES-KER



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND
LADY LONDONDERRY



LADY CAMBRIDGE AND
COLONEL GILES LODER



LADY BLANDFORD AND THE
HON. EVELYN FITZGERALD



LADY DIANA COOPER AND
CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE



THE INFANTA CHRISTINA AND A FRIEND

T.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and the Queen of Spain and her daughters, the Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Maria-Christina, were present at the Hallowe'en Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. It was organized by the Duchess of Sutherland, with Mrs. Dudley Ward as Vice-Chairman, and the proceeds will be used to endow a ward at the Royal Northern Hospital in memory of the late Viscountess Ednam, who founded the Ladies' League of the hospital. Quite apart from all other matters, the Ice Carnival was a glittering success, as a really first-class programme was given, including some wonderful exhibition skating and an ice-hockey match arranged by Captain the Hon. Jack Mitford and Mr. B. N. Sexton



LADY MILBANKE AND MR. NOTMAN

AT HOME AND ABROAD



AT STOKE BRUERNE PARK: CAPTAIN THE HON. EDWARD
AND MRS. MEADE AND THEIR GREAT DANES



AT BRIONI: THE HON. SOMERSET
AND MRS. MAXWELL



IN KILKENNY: SIR HERCULES
AND LADY LANGRISHE



THE KILKENNY OPEN THE SEASON: MR. PERCY BLAIR, THE HON. LADY McCALMONT,
MRS. MARSHALL, LADY HELEN McCALMONT, MRS. ALEXANDER, MR. ALEXANDER OF
MITFORD CARLOW, AND MR. W. E. GROGAN

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Meade, who is in the top picture with her husband, who is the Earl of Clanwilliam's younger brother, showed their Great Danes at the Crystal Palace last week. The Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell are honey-mooning at that delectable isle in the Adriatic, Brioni. She was formerly Miss Susan Roberts and is the daughter of the ex-Master of the Belvoir, Captain Marshall Roberts. The other two pictures in this page were taken at the Kilkenny's opening meet at Kilkenny Castle, Lord Ossory's seat, and the prospects of this, the oldest established pack of foxhounds in Ireland, are of the best. Major Dermot McCalmont, who has been Master since 1921, shows great sport and hunts hounds himself. Sir Hercules Langrishe was Master from 1890 to 1907. Of those in the other group, Lady McCalmont is the mother of Major Dermot McCalmont. Mrs. Marshall wins many horse-jumping competitions every year. Lady Helen McCalmont is Major Dermot McCalmont's wife. Mrs. Alexander is a daughter of Mrs. Hall, the Master of the Carlow Hounds. Mr. Grogan is an ex-Master of the Carlow and hunts them at the moment



A "BEACH" OUTFIT

Miss Drena Beach, the strange and fascinating dancer, who is now appearing at the new Folies Marigny, where Léon Volterra has produced a sumptuously spectacular revue

TRÈS CHER,—the Autumn Salon which opens to-day (for the public) at the Grand Palais is, to quote a certain critic, "of a splendid mediocrity!" Personally I find it more like that wretched old egg of Mister *le curé's*, but that, no doubt, is because I am always pleased when I am given "flower pieces" to gaze at, and of these there are a-many! The Decorative Arts section is not yet quite finished but it promises to be extremely interesting this year, nevertheless I hardly think that it can show anything more beautiful than the bed-room designed by Jean-Gabriel Domergue for Jenny Dolly (of the Dolly Sisters *vide* her business cards), who has opened a marvellous lingerie establishment in the Champs Élysées. To Domergue, indeed, is due the *décor* of the whole of the vast suite of rooms on the first floor above the *portiques*. The colour scheme is that of the Caroline Testout rose—not pink, not salmon, not orange, not *vieux rose*, but a little of all these lovely shades mingled. The carpets are *tête de nègre*, on which, *ad infinitum*, but discreetly, runs the woven autograph in dull orange; jenniedollyjenniedollyjenniedollyjenniedolly, encircling the faintly-outlined (also in orange) figure of a dancer in billowing skirts. The bedroom, which is reached via an "American" Bar whose plume-like foliage in black and gold cascades towards the high ceiling is hung with the same Caroline Testout rose shade as the rest of the rooms, but here the material is plain velvet and falls in folds against which the black-and-white *crêpe de chine* of a bedspread, pillows, and boudoir pyjamas stand out draped upon silver hangers.

On the bed itself the coverlet is of old lace and rose satin, the sheets are of *crêpe de chine* to tone, the bedside carpets of grey ostrich plumes. . . . But it is the furniture of the room that is so amazing. Bed, dressing-table, couch, and arm-chairs are made of glass in the most severe and modern rectangularity of line obtained—and retained—apparently by miracle, since there are no mouldings, no "messy bits," no horrible glass-headed nails to be seen on the clear, plain surfaces. Neither is one dazzled by the light or the multitudinous reflections that one might expect. This I expect is due to the bright but indirect lighting of the room and the angle at which the furniture is built, slanting imperceptibly outwards from the floor. The whole thing is magnificently beautiful or rather—and this is quite a different thing—beautifully magnificent.

In one of the reception rooms, on a little stage hung with golden curtains, the collection of Jennie Dolly's models were shown off by Rosie Dolly—and tremendously pleased we were to see her again—Miss Florence, and a lovely flaxen-headed syren from London. Such envious-making garments, ranging from the simplest pyjamas to the most sumpchus and sequined rest-gowns. I suppose one ought to call them cocktail gowns nowadays since the tea-gown passed out with the Edwardian days

Priscilla in Paris

and we no longer "rest." All the world was there to admire, led—O, most generous of *confrères*—by Captain Molyneux, whose sartorial knowledge is omniscient and who was loud in his appreciation. Rosie Dolly and Florence acted as mannequins "on this occasion only" of course. Florence is having her usual Paris success at the Casino de Paris, and both she and Rosie had a tremendous reception.

AFTER all this warmth and rose-colour and general loveliness, it happened that an old soldier pal of mine was rekindling, at half-past six that evening, the Flame of Memory on the Unknown Soldier's grave under the Arc de Triomphe. I had only a few hundred yards to go. . . . It is a moving ceremony and I am ashamed that I have never seen it before. The flickering light under the cold, draughty, immensity of the great arch . . . the drumming of the *grand mutilé* who, with his old drum, is there every evening . . . the little crowd of by-standers, we were not more than a dozen all told . . . the little knot of men led by my soldier pal who "had the honour" . . . the bitter sweet scent of the flowers piled at the foot of the bronze slab. . . . And all the while, though the traffic hoots and swirls around the Place, and the lights are dancing and glancing in the pools of rain on the wet asphalté, you cannot imagine the silence, the splendid dignity, and the utter loneliness of the scene by the grave-side.

THERE is a new revue at the Marigny Theatre—now renamed les Folies Marigny. Léon Volterra, sick of comedies, musical and otherwise, has gone back to his old love—the spectacular revue. As he and his wife are past-masters at the job of producing, the result is most satisfying. Jean St. Granier, our local Noel Coward in many respects, is the author-actor of the show surrounded by a bunch of lovely wenches led by Diana, Vera Mackinnon, and Doriane. Nina Myral, that amusing and sweet-voiced comedienne, is the leading light of the show, and her husband, Robert Burnier, is the darling of the gods and the whole production. Boucot, and a newcomer, Marguerite Guilbert, are extremely

funny. A wonderful American dancer, Drena Beach, makes a sort of jigsaw puzzle of her body, while Horam Myrtil (the ex-Rugby man who has played for France) with his partner, Sacha Lyo, a fifteen-year-old flapper, and two more male partners, give us the thrill of our lives. The Lawrence Tillers are as good as usual, but all their dances are a little too long . . . the only flaw I can find in a really splendid production.—Love, TRÈS CHER, PRISCILLA.



MISS VANDA VANGEN

Janet Jevons

A new-comer to star parts on the English talking screen. This delightfully pretty young lady will shortly be seen and heard in "The End of the World," which is to be produced in four languages by the well-known French director. Abel Garice



JUDAS

A photographic study by John Erith, M.P.P.A.

A marvellous conception by the well-known photographic artist whose work is a familiar feature at all the best-known exhibitions in the British Isles and on the Continent. This picture is a compelling study in physiognomy and of quite outstanding quality, for the spirit of "The Betrayer" has been captured in a wonderful manner. The eyes of Judas tell the whole story

GUN DAYS

Turn right for Sir John Wood's recent covert shoot, for which he entertained a large house party at Hengrave Hall in Suffolk. From left to right: Lord Granard, Colonel Graham-Hutchinson, Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, Lord Liverpool, Mrs. Graham-Hutchinson, Mr. Edmund Wood, Miss C. Graham-Hutchinson, Miss B. Graham-Hutchinson, Mrs. Edmund Wood, Lady Liverpool, Lady Flora Rawden-Hastings, and Sir John Wood. The host of this good day's sport, who is a kinsman of Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, also has a house in Derbyshire, and was member for Stalybridge for many years. Mrs. Graham-Hutchinson is Sir John Wood's sister



AT HENGRAVE



"THY SERVANT A DOG"

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey's Labrador pleases his master at Major R. B. Sidebottom's shoot at Rothamsted in Hertfordshire. The snapshot on the right was taken on the same occasion. Sir Walter Halsey, Bart., is Sir Lionel's brother and was at Gaddesden Place



LORD GAINFORD AND SIR WALTER HALSEY

Major C. H. Fleetwood-Hesketh is seen in the front row of the group below. The other names are Mr. G. Jackson, Mr. J. Sturges, Mr. W. Saunders, Mr. F. P. B. Fleetwood-Hesketh, Brig-General Lukin, Major J. D. Bibby, Admiral A. B. Campbell, Mrs. Phillip, the Rev. W. Thorrell, Mr. B. Bunbury, Mrs. Saunders (one of the guns), Mrs. Bibby, Miss E. McPherson, Mrs. G. McPherson, and Mrs. Thorrell



MAJOR FLEETWOOD-HESKETH'S SHOOTING PARTY AT STOCKEN HALL, NEAR OAKHAM

Bate



ANNA MAY WONG

By Awtori

A wonderful study of the famous Chinese film actress, who was born in America, and is almost as American as the Americans themselves. Her home town is Los Angeles, and she made her film début in 1922, her first big film having been "The Thief of Bagdad." Her name in English means "Frosted Yellow Willow."



*Player's
Please*

I always smoke them



THE MINX

A photographic study by Walden Hammond



NO LONGER ON SPI

By A. E. Bes



SPEAKING · TERMS

Bestall

Fidelity

The top notes of the clarinet, the deepest notes of the double bass—K.B. gives perfect reproduction to every note of the scale. The K.B. Radio Gramophone does equal justice to recorded and broadcast music; the tone is clear and pure, the volume loud and easily controlled.

The model illustrated is complete for radio reception and gramophone reproduction; it is contained in a cabinet of figured walnut. Price including Royalties, £95.

The illustrated Brochure of the full range of K.B. instruments will be sent on request.
Demonstrations gladly arranged.

KOLSTER-BRANDES LTD.,
CRAY WORKS, SIDCUP, KENT



Kolster ~ Brandes



"THE NAME TO KNOW IN RADIO"

Said the Sergeant
to the New Recruit
"To me it is Quite
Plain —



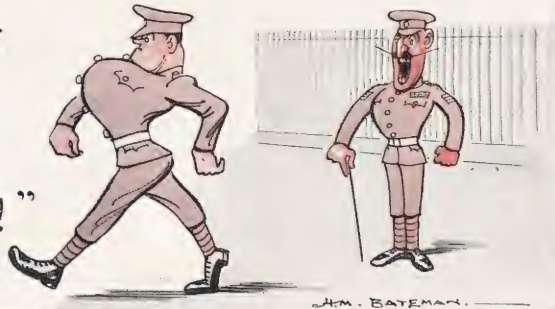
I am on this World
of Suffering
To cause you Grief
& Pain. —



Before you joined
the Army
This Lesson was
Unlearnt, —



But now I'm going
to make you
Just exactly —
'As you Weren't'!"



A CLEAR CALL

By H. M. Bateman



Half-past two ; scarcely time for a full round now. "Let's do the first nine on the New." Then, in the locker room, as you change into dry kit—"What about a drink?" Something to confirm your belief you can take them on again, and beat 'em good and proper! Johnnie Walker, of course. Nothing else celebrates victory so well, or gets such fun out of defeat.

NEWS FROM FILMLAND



MISS JOAN CRAWFORD

As the good companion to a new development of the very long frock, carried out in oyster-coloured crêpe Elizabeth. Miss Crawford, whose real name is Lucile Le Suedo, comes from Texas, and has had many film successes. Her latest picture is "Our Modern Maidens."

Though Mr. Cecil B. de Mille is primarily concerned with the production of M.G.M. pictures he is also interested in the production of young pheasants at his country place. He is seen with one of the latest arrivals, which was launched on the world through the kind offices of a broody hen



MISS SALLY STARR

A newcomer to the screen, who shows enough promise to suggest that before so very long her surname will fitly describe her position in the film firmament. Sally Starr appears with Marion Davies in "Dulcie," and also has a good part in "So this is College"



A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF AND MR. CECIL B. DE MILLE

RECENT OCCURRENCES



A HALLOWE'EN SUPPER PARTY

Sasha

The Hon. Roland Cubitt, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Mr. Noel Coward, and the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt at the Hallowe'en Dinner-Ball, organized by Lady Cynthia Colville, at the Park Lane Hotel. The event of the evening was a most realistic pageant featuring the various symbols and happenings which distress the superstitious. Such catastrophes as spilling the salt, seeing the moon through glass, and so forth, were included, Mrs. Cubitt representing the reputedly unlucky three candles. She and her husband had a party of twenty-three for the occasion



IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: ANNIE LADY COWDRAY WITH THE HON. NANCY AND MISS JOAN PEARSON

Lady Cowdray and her grand-daughters have lately been occupied with a tour through Canada which included visits to the Rockies and British Columbia. They are proceeding to Yokohama via Honolulu, and are returning later to stay with Lord and Lady Willingdon at Government House, Ottawa, before recrossing the Atlantic. Miss Joan Pearson is the only daughter of the late the Hon. Francis Pearson. Miss Alida Brittain, Sir Harry and Dame Alida Brittain's only daughter, took part in the recent dress competition at Londonderry House in which materials had to be British and no frock must cost more than £2. This is the frock she wore, made in pale blue Celanese by her mother's clever fingers at a cost of 16s. 10d. When the Monmouthshire Hounds had their opening meet at Llanarth Court, Lord Glanusk's wife and Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon made a point of being there in good time and were greeting friends on all sides.



MISS ALIDA BRITTAIN AND: A DRESS PARADE



Truman Howell

MRS. HARCOURT-VERNON AND LADY GLANUSK AT AN OPENING MEET

with hats
 "OFF the FACE"
 all eyes are turned
 "ON the FACE"

ONE cannot afford to look anything but young and exceedingly lovely every minute of the time, in this year of "face."

The new hats, with their shallow crowns, are worn far back on the head, and carry a soft brim to give a flattering line to the forehead. The face is the thing—and it must be flawlessly fresh—free of fatigue lines—always. Before you buy your new hat, visit the Elizabeth Arden Salons, and have an expertly trained attendant give you one of Miss Arden's famous face treatments. Your skin will be thoroughly cleansed—and that is so important. Every line of worry, age or fatigue will be carefully erased. Skin blemishes that have no place in this era of elegance, will be removed. If there is a sign of "crêpey-ness" in your chin, it will disappear. Your face will glow thrillingly with new vitality and loveliness. Then you will be ready to buy that new off-the-face hat and face the world with the poise of the "bien soignée"

For an appointment at the hour you prefer
 please telephone Gerrard 0870

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 Fifth Avenue New York

ELIZABETH ARDEN LTD

LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET, W1

(Copyright reserved)

PARIS

BERLIN

MADRID

ROME



● VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM. Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

● VENETIAN ARDEN SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

● ORANGE SKIN FOOD. A rich cream for very dry skin specially for the too thin face—The ageing skin will quickly respond to the rich but delicate oils it contains. It is unsurpassed for the prevention of wrinkles 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6

● VENETIAN ARDEN MASQUE. A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin and revives weary tissues. Especially beneficial for oiliness and eruptions. Jar sufficient for six treatments 20/-

● Elizabeth Arden's book "The Quest of the Beautiful" will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home

RUGBY RAMBLINGS

SOMEbody has been writing to "The Times" pleading, with considerable justification, for "brighter Rugby." Lots of people will sympathize with him, and will also agree that frequently the referee is the prime cause of a slow and dull game. Especially to be feared is the official who is inclined to attach too much importance to his own share in the proceedings. The ideal referee of course is the one who deliberately effaces himself as much as possible and only blows his whistle when a stoppage of play is inevitable.

"No names, no pack drill," and no risk of libel actions will be incurred by mentioning any particular individuals. But there is no harm in pointing out the most common errors. One is the undetected forward pass, the official being well in the rear when the pass is given and therefore unable to see that it is forward. A speedy side like the Harlequins are often much too fast for a referee not in his first youth, and often they are allowed to proceed unchecked. One of the most famous of all centres once said that he had scored as many tries from forward passes as from legitimate ones—picturesque exaggeration, no doubt, but still a notable statement.

The average official seems unable to perceive the difference between a knock-on and a rebound, especially in the case of the full-back. That unfortunate warrior is usually penalized instantly, whereas the very last thing he wants to do is to propel the ball by hand or arm in the direction of his opponent's dead ball line. But so keen is the ordinary referee on punishing the back that he often forgets the vantage rule, and deprives the following-up forwards of their just dues.

A skilful referee is able instantly to discriminate between an error that matters and one that is of no importance. Under such an official the game goes swiftly and merrily, and players and spectators alike thoroughly enjoy it. But whilst he lets minor infringements pass he must be down like a ton of bricks on anything unfair. There is no room in the Rugby game for the cheat, for him no penalty is too severe. That there are some players who are guilty of habitually unfair play we know, but fortunately they are few in number. They would be fewer still if all referees did their duty unflinchingly and received the support of the governing bodies.

The recent decisive victory of Bristol over the Harlequins proved once more the value of solid and concerted forward work. Led by the doughty

Sam Tucker, who may yet captain England again, the Bristol pack entirely outplayed the Harlequin forwards and in consequence controlled the game. No better forward play has been seen for years, and it is mentioned here solely for the purpose of drawing attention to the superiority of such a

pack to the conglomeration of hookers, wingers, and other specialists who constitute most modern vanguards.

The wet turf and the slippery ball had nothing to do with the Harlequin defeat, for Bristol suffered just as much as the home side from this handicap. Perhaps more, for they lost at least two certain tries through the ball slipping from the grasp of the man who had crossed the line, and the Harlequins seldom got near enough to the Bristol goal to experience any such disappointment. Behind a

thoroughly beaten pack C. C. McCreight had a very bad time indeed, seldom can a class player have been so thoroughly eliminated from the game. Had it not been for H. C. Laird the score might have been much heavier, for defence is not the strong point of the Harlequins' side.

Two or three times the ball was brought back after Bristol had apparently scored, but "Cumber" was on the spot, and knew better than anybody else. It is worth pointing out, however, that the try given to J. C. Gibbs, after a brilliant combined attack, was not a try at all, for the simple reason that Gibbs did not touch the ball down in the sense that the law demands. Hand, ball, and ground must all be in contact at the same moment, it is quite insufficient merely to bounce a ball, as is so often done, or to pat one that is bumping over the ground. This is a point often missed, there is a case on record in which such a try was allowed to decide the match. It was at Twickenham and England were not the victims.

They have their little Rugby troubles in France, and before very long they may have their big ones. Quite a number of important clubs have refused to have anything more to do with the French championship, which has long been a source of much worry and a lot of undue violence. The French Union will be well advised to scrap the whole thing. It was discovered long ago in this country that Rugby is not a suitable game for leagues or championships, or even cups, though some of the last-named institutions do still survive. The game itself is quite good enough without any of these developments, which only lead to foul play and professionalism.

(Continued on p. xxii)



THE LONDON IRISH XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat the Civil Service 6 points to nil at Mootspur Park the other day. The names, left to right, are: Back row—J. B. Quin (match secretary), F. S. Hodder, D. I. Woote, K. C. Fitzgerald, H. E. Anderson, E. D. H. Jenkins, S. Macdonald Smith, T. P. Curs, B. A. Barr, and C. R. McGowan (hon. sec.); seated—P. A. Gummer, V. Smyth, W. Morgan, G. S. Barry (captain), J. A. Savage, G. A. Gray, and G. M. Severs



OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. RICHMOND

A good action-picture of the recent match at Richmond when the University team overwhelmed its opponent by 16 to love. The score is perhaps flattering. Oxford were definitely better forward, but there was not much to choose between the back divisions

"Off with its Head!"

cried the Queen



"Nonsense!" cried Alice. "Guinness keeps its head!"

"Oh, does it!" said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice.

"Yes," murmured the King, and continued dreamily, "Guinness is never without that 'Head': it is the sign of the finest Barley, Malt and Hops blended in a perfect brew. That characteristic creamy foam appears as if by magic and lingers like—like—"

"Like the grin of the Cheshire Cat!" said Alice.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the Guinness. "Can you play croquet?"

"Yes!" said Alice.

"Come on, then!" roared the Queen. "Guinness builds strong muscles for sport!" And Alice heard her telling everyone on the croquet ground, "Guinness keeps its head!" But while they were playing the Executioner made away with the Guinness—head and all.



GUINNESS

KEEPS ITS HEAD



G.E. 72A

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By



STAGED IN COUNTY KILKENNY

Poole, Dublin

Lord Teignmouth, as the perfect butler, with his brother and sister-in-law, the Hon. Noel and Mrs. Shore, in "A Few Essentials, or Packing Up," an exceedingly funny sketch given at the Concert Hall in aid of Thomastown's new golf club. Lady Teignmouth stage-managed this most successful production, which was well supported by members of the Kilkenny Hunt

The R.S.P.C.A. recently sent out a typed *communiqué*, one copy of which came my way, telling us of the praiseworthy efforts it had made to improve the methods of horse-slaughter at the continental abattoirs, particularly at that famous place called Vaurigard, of which most people interested in the fate of the unfortunate animals exported from this country for "meat" may have heard, and the R.S.P.C.A., as I understand this circular, has presented Vaurigard with a sufficient supply of humane-killers and cartridges to last it for a very considerable period, and was full of hope that the old brutalities were now at an end. It was a very good action on the part of the R.S.P.C.A. and excellently meant. The Society took a very optimistic view, and in view of the assurances which it obtained was entitled to do so. It had provided the means to end a revolting form of cruelty, and therefore it had done its bit so far as it could. It possesses no authority to compel the French horse-slaughterers to use humane-killers. You can lead a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. The R.S.P.C.A. cannot perform miracles. It believed, as I gather from this circular, that the Society had stopped the old methods, and it had, so I understand further, a representative on the spot in France to report progress. Whether it had or had not does not matter a great deal, for if it had had an Army Corps of representatives they could do nothing but protest and suggest, supposing they saw that these humane-killers were not being used, and that the slaughterers preferred their old method, the hammer, which bears about the same relation to the quick humane-killer as the headsman's axe bore to the modern and expeditious contrivance invented by M. Guillotine. I think that these being the circumstances I should be failing in my duty if I did not publish some quite reliable evidence which has been furnished me by an independent and unbiassed witness of what has been happening at Vaurigard as recently as October 10 and 11. To hold back this

evidence would be unfair to the R.S.P.C.A. and to the public whose money it has spent in the good work of providing these humane-killers and hoping for the best. The record is not very pleasant reading, but I am sure that that must not be allowed to weigh in a matter like this. I select the following passages from this eyewitness' notes:

"The slaughter-sheds are long buildings divided into narrow stalls. I saw that the butchers were killing in the same old way, namely, with the blunt hammer. I did not see anyone killing with the Schermer pistol, and no signs of its being in use. Neither did I see anyone instructing butchers, etc., how to use it. The slaughter-stalls were hung with carcasses, the floor being strewn with entrails; there was blood everywhere, and it was running over the pavement outside the stalls. On this pavement the bleeding hides were piled. One horse was killed only 5 ft. away from me, it was a well-bred chestnut. When it reached the hides it naturally ran backwards terrified, several men had to assist before it was forced into the stall where it stood between two rows of carcasses. A leather mask dripping with blood (it had been lying on the floor) was placed on its head. The butcher then struck it with the hammer, and the second it fell pounced on it and bled it. This was not an isolated case. I saw one frightened horse after another being driven often with a whip into the slaughter stall. Horses are still tethered in full view of the killing (horse-lovers know what that means) to wait their turn. I saw a black horse killed, a man then led a thoroughbred bay pony to the back entrance of the stall and tethered it there. As the cutting up, etc., etc., went on it became more maddened with terror every minute, dancing from side to side and tugging to get away; it was a pitiful sight. I entered the stables on each of my three visits. A few horses at the far end of one stable had bedding and a little straw to eat. The other horses had nothing and no bedding. I did not see any water anywhere. In the evening I entered a stable; the horses were packed tightly together. They could not move, as to resting that was an impossibility; these were the same horses I had seen

(Continued on p. viii)



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE HUNTER TRIALS

Harewood End was where this good fixture took place, and the luncheon interval was not the least important event. From left to right are: Mrs. Towse, Mrs. Vivian Helme, Captain H. Oliphant, Miss Curtiss, Mr. G. B. Hoare, M.F.H., Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Cross, and Miss Towse. Mr. Hoare is Joint Master of the South Herefordshire with Captain Vivian Helme, who hunts hounds himself



LACLOCHE

LONDON

PARIS

A unique selection of Jewels
is now on view at their new
premises

3 New Bond Street, W.1



MISS NANCY PRICE

J. Maycock

The famous actress, who is taking such an active part in the formation of a People's Theatre for the West End, and the scheme already claims a membership of 14,000, ranging from dukes to dustmen! It is hoped to emulate the success of the People's Theatre in Berlin, which, starting with twopenny subscriptions, now has a membership of over half-a-million. The British People's Theatre starts with an annual subscription of half-a-crown

THE railway carriage contained two passengers, an old lady and a little boy. Suddenly the train plunged into a tunnel, the compartment was in darkness, and the old lady heard the carriage door open and close. When the train emerged from the tunnel the small boy was nowhere to be seen. She jumped to her feet and made for the communication-cord, but as she raised her hand she saw a small foot peeping from beneath the seat.

"You little wretch!" she screamed. "You might have sent me into a fit."

The child crawled from underneath the seat and sobbed. The old lady's heart melted. "Never mind," she said kindly, "I'll forgive you."

"I'm not crying because I'm sorry," sobbed the boy. "The lady I did it to last week *did* have a fit."

It was her first journey on the sea, and as soon as she went aboard the liner she visited the doctor.

"If I should feel sick, will you tell me what to do?" she asked.

The doctor smiled. "My dear lady," he said, "it won't be necessary. You'll do it."

"You swear that this man is no chicken stealer?" demanded the judge.

"Yessur," replied Rastus, a man of colour. "Dat's what ah said, suh."

"But do you know about the facts in this case?"

"Ah isn't s'posed to know nuffin' 'bout de facts in de case, suh. Ah is an expert witness foh de defence."

"And what was it that got you here?" asked the prison visitor very kindly.

"Competition."

"Competition?"

"Yes; I made the same sort of banknotes as the Government."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE fond mother was boring a visitor with accounts of her son's skill as a pianist. "He can play the piano wonderfully by ear," she gushed.

"That's nothing," replied the bored listener. "I know a man who can fiddle with his whiskers."

A Scotsman approached an attendant of a bowling green and handed him twopence. "What's this for?" asked the attendant.

"A game o' bowls, laddie," replied the Scot.

"Yes, but the fee is sixpence. Read that board."

"I hae done, laddie," nodded the Scot, with a broad wink.

"It says 'fees for the green sixpence a game,' but I'm nae sae green."

THE vicar was preaching a most impressive sermon about the Flood. An old lady was so carried away that she put up her umbrella.

MacIntosh was engaged in a dispute over the fare with a taxi-driver, who talked so long and loud that it angered the Scot.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded proudly, drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a MacIntosh."

"I don't care if you're a brand new umbrella," snorted the taxi-driver, "you'll have to pay me the full fare."

THE mistress of the house was in full swing. "I'd be ashamed," she said sternly, "to be a big strong man like you, and have to go round asking for money."

"So I am, lady," replied the tramp, "but I have to do it this way. I once got three months for taking it without asking."

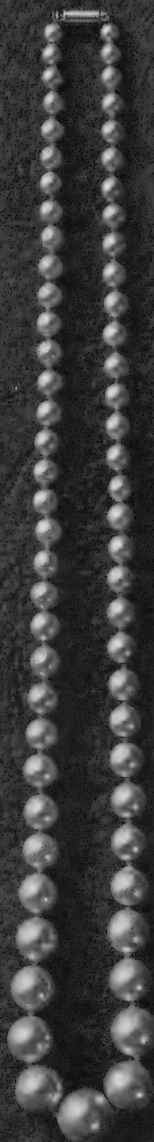


LADY LINDSAY-HOGG

Peter North

The beautiful wife of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, better known perhaps to her public as the famous actress, Miss Frances Doble. Lady Lindsay-Hogg is a Canadian, and her first stage appearance in this country was in "The Man in Dress Clothes"; but after this her successes have been countless, including "Young Woodley," "The Constant Nymph"—also in the film version of that good play, "The Chinese Bungalow," etc., etc.

Pardon our mentioning price



*Photographic reproduction of the famous
Ciro Pearl necklet 16" long (complete
with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.*

Both oriental pearls and *Ciro* pearls are so wondrously beautiful to handle and behold

that it seems almost a pity to have to mention the price.

Yet it is only fair to state that oriental pearls are prohibitive, whereas *Ciro* creations are not.

You can acquire a lovely *Ciro* necklet this very day for one guinea.

Ciro pearls are just Man's way of making easily what nature makes with such strange difficulty.

Hence the amazing difference in price !

We invite you to visit the *Ciro* Salons, or on receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro* Pearls, 16 inches long (complete with gold clasp and case). Keep it—wear it for a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned.

Send for new Pearl and Jewellery Catalogues

Ciro Pearls

CIRO PEARLS LTD.	Dept. 8), 178 REGENT STREET AND 48 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C.	MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square.
LEEDS: 38 Briggate.	BIRMINGHAM: 121 New Street.
DUBLIN: at Switzers.	BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.
	LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street.
	SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate.
	EDINBURGH: at Jenners.
	GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street.
	BERLIN { 106 Leipzigerstrasse, 14 Unter den Linden.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



AT LADY CURZON'S SHOOT AT HACKWOOD

A group of the hostess and her guests at the recent partridge shoot at Hackwood, Basingstoke. The names, left to right, are : Sir Mathew Wilson, who used to race in partnership with Lady Curzon, Colonel E. A. H. Bailey, Mr. Hubert Duggan, the hostess, Lady Curzon, Sir Delves and Lady Broughton, Colonel Fred Cripps, and Colonel H. S. Ashton

Winter Motoring.

WE now enter upon that season of the year in which people who do not think, probably because they have nothing to think with, get quite alarmed at the poor performance which their cars put up compared with what they have been doing during the past few months. It is a literal fact that at one golf club no fewer than three men button-holed me in a single day in order to get a little cheap advice on this very point. I promptly counter-claimed by asking them a question in return : "Are you hitting the ball as far to-day as you did in August?" Of course, they didn't see the point and it had to be laboriously explained to them. But the analogy is quite sound. I don't propose to go into it *privatim et seriatim*, but one or two points I will bring forward in order to console those who are getting at this tail end of the year not so much as they expected out of their cars, and also to advise them to be a little more easily satisfied. First of all, then, we have to face the fact that roads at this season, in spite of being built under most modern principles, are "heavy" and offer more resistance to the passage of the car. Also they are generally wet because they have so little opportunity given them to dry. You might not think that a thin coating of muddy grit upon a waterproof surface would make very much difference to your car's behaviour. But it does! You would not easily trace that it knocked down your maximum speed by a few miles an hour, because you so rarely use your maximum speed; but if you kept a check upon your fuel consumption you would find that it certainly went up quite substantially for a given average. The difference doubtless suggests itself to you in this way, that hills that you could, a few months ago, fly over in top now seem to be rather steeper than they were. And to get your known distances in the familiar times means that your foot has to be pressed down much harder. By no means is it all the fault of the road though the influence of that is bad enough.

The lower temperature is far from encouraging to the engine. The latter is now habitually getting a poor thing in the way of mixture compared to what it had in summer, and it is consequently developing materially less power. Car performance depends upon the ratio of Power to Resistance. If Power falls off and Resistance goes up, Performance must suffer, and there is no getting away from it.

Keep Heat In.

As far as the latter part of the business is concerned we have a wide acknowledgment of the fact that engines will not work properly until they are hot in the general adoption of radiator-shutters, most of which are worked automatically by a thermostat. These are excellent things so far as they go, but to my mind they do not go quite far enough. Suppose you stop for half-an-hour, pulling up with the radiator beautifully warm. What happens? The shutters (silly things!) stay open until the water cools down, and it is only when this is stony cold that they close. Clearly what you really want them to do is to shut up like an oyster whilst the radiator is hot. Because then you keep the heat in. The more you can do this the more do you save petrol, oil, and also wear and tear. For you have to bear in mind that the warming-up process is in general a useless waste of fuel. When to-day I see a stationary car swaddled under rags and blankets and overcoats, I recognize at once that its driver is a sensible man. The point is that if you can contrive to make your engine believe that every time is summer time under the bonnet it will continue to give of its best. Directly it gets a chill it is apt to behave very badly. If you have not got radiator-shutters (and perhaps even if you have) it is a good plan right now to start blocking off a big fraction of the radiator with a chunk of tin, card-board, or ply-wood. You can generally cut off about half the surface without running the least risk of boiling. And remember that the hotter the power-plant is the better the results which

(Continued on p. xvi)



THE CHIEF MOTSOENE OF LERIBE, BASUTOLAND

The chief who is here seen in his full-dress kit of bright scarlet and gold has just had his appointment as Chief of Leribe confirmed by the Basutoland Courts. The position was in some dispute, the rival claimant being Chief Setsomi, but it has now been definitely settled

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



PACKARD

ANNOUNCES

a new

EIGHTH SERIES MOTOR CAR

With increased power, an interior of unusual beauty and comfort, a new system of automatic chassis lubrication and many other proven mechanical developments.

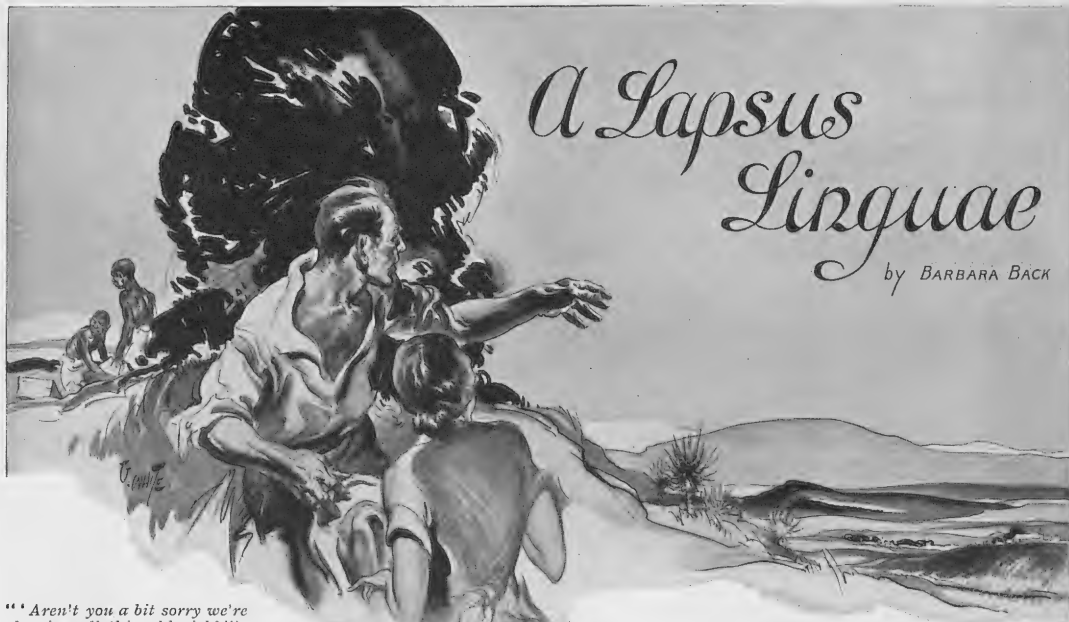
We have endeavoured to offer the public the most luxurious means of carefree travel thirty-one years of experience in fine car building can produce.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VIEW
THESE NEW MODELS IN OUR SHOWROOMS

Sole Concessionaires for the British Isles—

LEONARD WILLIAMS & COMPANY, LIMITED,
SHOWROOMS: 198, PICCADILLY, W.1

Head Office and Works: Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.



"Aren't you a bit sorry we're leaving all this, old girl?"

SAM STUDD looked out over the veldt for the last time. He was a little man with a bronzed face and a twinkle in his eye who had for many years made a precarious living by farming in a large area of the South African veldt and had lived in peace. One day he had accidentally discovered that he was literally living on a gold mine, and now he was one of the richest men in the world, and in some ways one of the saddest.

He detested the idea of leaving Africa and returning to England and civilization, but his wife insisted, and as he still adored her he had given way.

"Belinda," he called, "come out here for a moment."

She came and stood beside him.

"Aren't you a bit sorry we're leaving all this, old girl?" he asked, waving his hand with a large gesture towards the rolling landscape.

"Not at all," she said. "I'm just the happiest woman alive. At last I'm going to be what I wanted to be all these years, somebody. Now come and help me shut up all these boxes. The men are calling for them first thing in the morning."

Belinda Studd was no ordinary woman. The daughter of a suburban draper, she had started early in life to earn her living as a lady's-maid, since she was "so handy with her needle," as her mother said. Her first employer had taken her to South Africa many years ago. There she had married Sam almost as soon as she landed, and remained ever since.

Her existence would hardly have been tolerable if it had not been for one extraordinary hobby, an absorbing interest in the world she had left, the news of which she had systematically gleaned from the illustrated papers which her mother had sent her every week with unflinching regularity.

She had studied "The Sketch" and THE TATLER and "The Bystander" as carefully as any pathologist does his bacterial cultures. She knew everything that had happened in London since she had left it twenty years ago, and she knew the life history of everybody who had lived during that time and what they looked like.

She had followed the rise to fame of many beautiful girls from the chorus to leading lady, to duchess, and she had often been surprised by the disappearance of their names from the papers. But she found that if she was patient enough they generally popped up again some years later, usually on one of the less important pages near the end among the advertisements, with a caption something like this: "Mr. and Mrs. James Bell photographed as they were leaving the Marylebone Registry Office after their marriage. Mrs. Bell, it will be remembered, was leading lady in Mr. Brockran's *Review* in 1920, and in 1921 she gave

up the stage to marry the Earl of Pins. Mr. Bell is interested in motors."

She had watched the careers of all the famous *demi-mondaines*, and she knew all about The Bright Young People and the peer's daughter who rode to her wedding on a white elephant. She understood the difference between grand parties and amusing ones, what was meant by the phrase "an ardent first-nighter," what a high-brow was, and what a gossip writer, and all that happened at cocktail parties.

She knew it was "the thing" to be seen at the opening of the Academy, to have one's portrait painted by Sir William Orpen, to have one's face massaged at Elizabeth Arden's, to get one's edibles at Fortnum and Mason's, to go to Switzerland at Christmas (preferably St. Moritz—Michael Arlen went there), and that Juan-les-Pins and the Cap d'Antibes had become fashionable summer resorts.

She realized that the illustrated papers published photographs of, and paragraphs about, the same 500 people all the time. They were NEWS. She was, it is true, interested in them, but she was really more interested in the people whom she knew to exist but who refused, as far as she could see, to have their lives made public by the Press.

From time to time she caught a view of the back of a retiring earl or marquess photographed at a race-meeting, usually with a tiny paragraph about him to the effect that he was selling his racehorses or his Gainsboroughs to pay death duties, or a photograph of one of his daughters, announcing her presentation or marriage; but no more details, no description of their clothes, their parties, or their habits.

She wove for herself romantic stories round the modest great ones of England. Those were the people she wanted to meet. What a thrill to stay in their houses!

Well, now Sam had made a fortune she was going home to England to buy the acquaintance of the newspaper five hundred with his millions to begin with. But the others? Well, time would show.

Their journey to England was uneventful. The suite they took at the Pitz was grand and unfriendly, as hotel suites always are, and the central-heating gave Sam a permanent headache. Belinda felt rather lonely at first, but soon she made friends with Adolphe, the head-waiter, and confessed her ambitions to him.

"Take a house in Carlton House Terrace, madam," he said, "and give a ball."

"But I don't know anyone in London except you," she protested. "How can I get people to come?"

"I will see that everybody comes," he said.

He told the story to a gossip-writer who patronized his restaurant, and gradually the news of Sam's fortune leaked out.

(Continued on p. xxiv)

LES PARFUMS COTY

THE SMARTEST PERFUMES
IN THE WORLD ARE NOT
NECESSARILY COSTLY

Luxuries of yesterday — but necessities of to-day — LES PARFUMS COTY are the choice of the discriminating modern woman. There is a Coty fragrance for every occasion and for every gown, so that one's mood of the moment may be subtly allied with its own fragrance, creating perfect harmony of atmosphere. All these interesting details are explained in "THE COTY WAY TO GREATER CHARM," a book which is sent free on application.



The same oval flacon design, with carved stopper, in dainty ½-oz. bottles for carrying in the hand-bag, at 3/9 is re-created in larger sizes from

6/-, 10/-
to 16 guineas.



L'AIMANT
"Perfume of Magnetism"
Cut crystal flacon in
presentation box.

15/6

Larger model
32/6



'PARIS'
"Fragrance of Gaiety."
Cut crystal flacon in silk
tasselled box.

18/6

Larger model in satin
lined suede case.

47/6

Quarter ounce flacon in
'platinum-tone' Perfume
Container, gilt inside 6/9

Richly gilt, both
inside and out. 7/6

Obtainable at the Smartest Shops



The Addington team, winners of the inter-club scratch trophy presented by the "Star." Left to right: Mrs. Brindle (captain), Mrs. Walter Payne, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, Mrs. Douglas Fish, and Miss Pim

Eve at Golf

The "Star" Finals

By ELEANOR E. HELME

ADDINGTON did it once again in "The Star" finals at Wentworth. It was all very well for the prophets to say that at long last Camberley Heath must carry off that shield; that Mid-Surrey would be too steady for Addington. The fact of the matter was that Camberley Heath went out in the morning to West Hill; Addington beat Mid-Surrey, and then went on to defeat West Hill in the final. It was all very close and exciting; nothing more than a 3 to 2 victory in any of the matches, and before morning survivors were found there were alarms and excursions to the 19th hole and after.

Take their fortunes player by player. Mrs. Guedalla in the morning played Mrs. Mellor, was down pretty constantly the whole way, was finally dormy two against her, and then proceeded with a little luck and a lot of pluck to square the match. When a player can do that having been down the whole way—it's the good old horse to the proverbial hen that she will win on the extra hole. Mrs. Mellor prevented that at the 19th, but at the 20th there was no gainsaying Mrs. Guedalla. Chronologically that was the deciding moment of the morning, the rest of the team standing at two matches all, waiting impatiently to know whether they could sit down to lunch victorious or beaten.

In the afternoon nothing went right for Mrs. Guedalla. Mrs. Kennedy, who had only just missed beating Miss Gourlay in the morning, seized on to her chances with the utmost determination. You must be relentless in golf. There was an old Scotsman who inquired of a passing crowd how Miss Wethered was doing in a championship match, and was told "five up." After due and silent thought the Scotsman remarked to himself, "She is wi'oot maircy," and then after another pause, "Seemingly." That was the description of Mrs. Kennedy in "The Star" final at the expense of Mrs. Guedalla, who would be one of the first to own that her golf did not deserve any other sort of treatment, and that she really did well to carry on the match as far as the 14th.

Addington's second string, Mrs. Douglas Fish, was not very happy on the greens in the morning and so lost by 3 and 2 to Miss Rabbidge, but in the afternoon came through bravely after being down most of the way to Mrs. Collis Browne. Up to the 15th Mrs. Collis Browne was definitely top dog. But there, although Mrs. Fish went from one bunker to another, Mrs. Collis Browne yet took two to get out of one herself and then three putts to get down, and so lost the hole which she had looked like winning. With it,

as we used to say in the War, the initiative passed irretrievably to the enemy, and Mrs. Fish struggled gallantly home on the last green.

Mrs. Walter Payne, like Mrs. Fish, found the greens rolling seas of inaccuracy in the morning, and Miss Stanhope beat her by 3 and 2. But tearing herself away from all the good things of Wentworth lunch, Mrs. Payne went out and wrestled with her wooden putter, murmured a few sweet or stern nothings into its hard head, and accordingly succeeded in beating Miss Hill—who, in turn, had lost all touch on the greens—by 4 and 3. Perhaps it is hardly fair to say that Miss Hill had lost all touch. She got the long putts dead with splendid regularity, but those apparently dead had a horrid way of coming to life again.

Addington's fourth string, Miss Pim, was the really bright particular star of the day—the only member of either team who won both her matches. It would, indeed, have taken something very special to beat her in the morning, when the putts romped in from all over the green, and she did the first sixteen holes in three over fours. Miss Barbara Millar, in fact, did extremely well to stand up to Miss Pim for so long. Some of the inspiration had gone from Miss Pim in the afternoon, but Mrs. Crombie, who had won an uphill struggle from Mrs. Foley in the morning, was tired out, and Miss Pim got home 4 and 3.

As for Mrs. Brindle, the captain of Addington, she did stout work in the morning when she defeated Miss Cootie by 4 and 3, and it made no difference that she lost in the afternoon on the last green to Mrs. Boyd. Of course, as captain, she had something more to do besides playing two rounds. There was the shield to receive and a nice little speech to be made after Lady Carisbrooke had presented it and was about to give all the players their beautiful prizes.

The captain of a "Star" team goes through minor tortures with only five in the side. One false choice may be fatal; one player off her game a hopeless burden. The tail cannot wag the dog nor the dog carry the tail. In fact the successful team would seem to have no tail at all.

The real shock of the day was Camberley Heath. Miss Gourlay did her bit, beating Mrs. Kennedy 3 and 1 after being down on the outward half and seeing the longest putt holed against her at the 10th which history is supposed ever to have recorded. But Miss Pearson had complete putting-paralysis against Mrs. Collis Browne, and then there was a sad tragedy from a Camberley point of view when Miss Chambers, after being four up at the 8th, lost at the 19th to Miss Julia Hill.

(Continued on p. 221)



The West Hill team beaten by Addington in the "Star" final at Wentworth. Left to right: Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Foster (reserve), Miss J. Hill, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, and Mrs. Collis Browne

All for Beauty



Luxuria
 THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS
Beauty Cream

LUXURIA melts deep into the pores of your skin at the touch of your fingers, and removes every trace of dust and grime which spoils the clear whiteness of your skin.

Yet LUXURIA does more than cleanse. Its wonderful ingredients feed the tissues and keep the skin soft and fair and youthful.

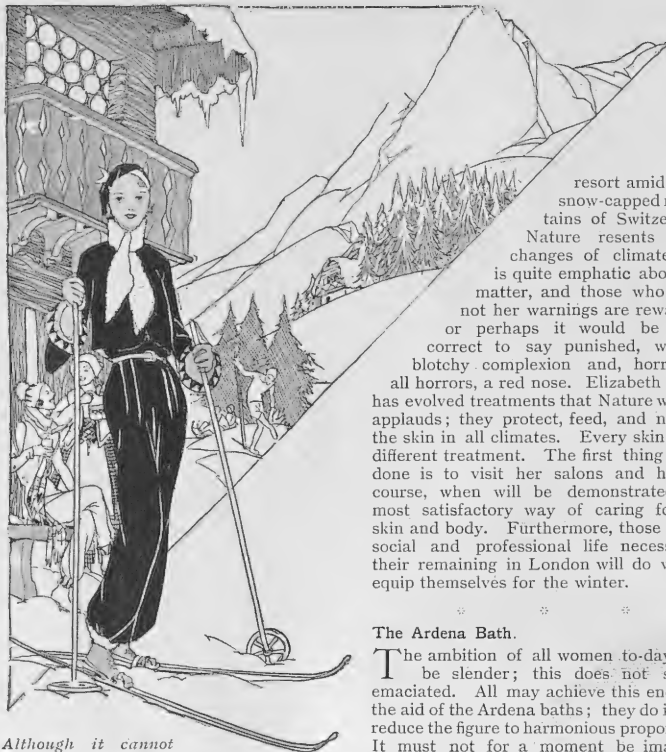
LUXURIA is obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers, from 2/3 to 11/9. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you about the Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
 LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS



Although it cannot be ascertained how much the beauty of the Greek figure owed to exercises and games, women all the world over know that they are greatly indebted to Elizabeth Arden for showing them that there is an art that does mend Nature and increases the loveliness of her work

Beauty and Charm.

THE art which mends and helps Nature in every possible way is well understood in the salons of Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street. She declares that beauty creates happiness not only in the possessor but in the onlooker, and that age is not measured by years but by vitality—vitality of mind and body. The first step towards creating vitality is the care of the body. The skin, the hair, the eyes, the emotions the mind reach down to the body for their power and distinction. Magnetism passes away with vitality, and without this attribute a woman will enter a room unnoticed—a failure. The reverse is the case with the woman who has developed her vitality; she creates an atmosphere that always leads to success. She knows that it is impossible to draw dividends unless investments have been made. She believes wholeheartedly that every woman may be attractive if she really wants it enough. She has taken care of herself in every possible way, realizing that beauty opens locked doors into success, romance, and depth of living.

The Coming of the New Year.

Already the quest for change of scene has begun, and in a few weeks Society with a capital S will be scattered, it may be in South Africa, Egypt, Australia, Canada, the South of France, or a winter

resort amidst the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland. Nature resents these changes of climate; she is quite emphatic about the matter, and those who heed not her warnings are rewarded, or perhaps it would be more correct to say punished, with a blotchy complexion and, horror of all horrors, a red nose. Elizabeth Arden has evolved treatments that Nature warmly applauds; they protect, feed, and nourish the skin in all climates. Every skin needs different treatment. The first thing to be done is to visit her salons and have a course, when will be demonstrated the most satisfactory way of caring for the skin and body. Furthermore, those whose social and professional life necessitates their remaining in London will do well to equip themselves for the winter.

The Ardena Bath.

The ambition of all women to-day is to be slender; this does not signify emaciated. All may achieve this end with the aid of the Ardena baths; they do indeed reduce the figure to harmonious proportions. It must not for a moment be imagined that they will make a woman of Junoesque build look like a Diana. Among the other good works that they perform is that they eliminate uric and other acids from the system. Rheumatism passes away after a course. As they improve the health, they keep influenza and its attendant ills at bay. Turning from generalities to details, imagine a troublesome knee, it aches and does other unpleasant things; the pains are overcome, and the muscles of the knee function in the way that Nature intended that they should. These baths are extremely pleasant, as perfumed wax plays a prominent rôle.

The Youth Mask.

The Youth Mask is as important as the Ardena Bath apart from its primary mission of rejuvenation; it has a particularly soothing and beneficial effect on the nerves. Those who have a course of the same have the satisfaction of knowing that they will look at least ten years younger than they

Women range in type from Madonna to Delilah, with Philistine up her sleeve; Elizabeth Arden exhorts them to find their type and accent the thing that is theirs. There is no duplicate—besure of that

The Highway of Health and Beauty

By M. E. BROOKE

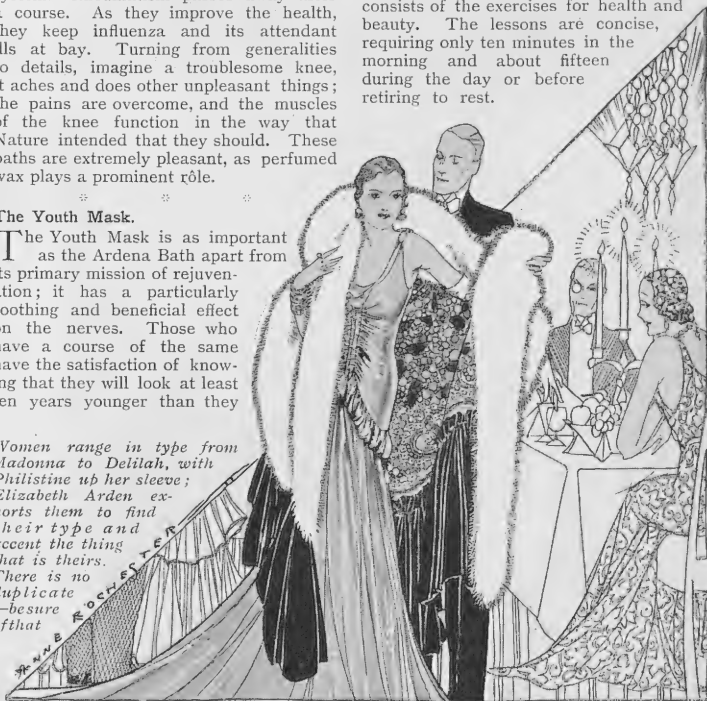
are. There is no suggestion of artificiality about the treatments; simply Nature is made to do her work. Tired and weary muscles are revitalized, and the pores are endowed with power to throw off all impurities.

All-important Exercises.

Women go to Elizabeth Arden's exercise department for many reasons. They go because they are over weight; this is no fad as fat does more than ruin the figure; it marks the degeneration of all the vital organs, which should be muscular and active, and have become fatty and weak instead. Other women go because they live under extreme nervous tension which burns up all energy; and others because they are under weight; this condition is almost always a symptom of poisons in the body. Again there are others who come because they are depressed, fatigued, and weary with years and life. There are individual exercises that conquer all these troubles. It must be remembered that the trend of modern thought is toward efficiency, a fuller development of physical capacity for health and happiness.

The Home Course.

The course consists of two parts: the muscle-strapping skin-toning treatment of the skin, based on the scientific method employed in Miss Arden's salons in using the Venetian preparations. The second part consists of the exercises for health and beauty. The lessons are concise, requiring only ten minutes in the morning and about fifteen during the day or before retiring to rest.



Under your newest frocks....

wear this slimmest of silken lingerie—so shaped that it moulds the figure without a wrinkle—so exquisite in texture that its touch is a caress. You'll find it with other equally lovely models in the Lingerie Department, on the First Floor.



THIS DANCING SET consists of a petti-knicker in pleated silk georgette and lace, with a smoothly-fitting shaped hip-band of satin; and a backless bandette of filmy lace, which gives the figure perfect support.

Knicker 39/6 Bandette 11/9

A TROUSSEAU SET copied in our own workrooms from an exclusive model—in double georgette and flowered satin beauté, joined on a graceful slanting line by fine needle-run lace.

Nightdress 69/6
Chemise and Knicker (each) 59/6

THIS BACKLESS PRINCESS SLIP in crêpe-de-chine follows exactly the line of the newest gowns. The bodice is edged with net; the low flare is of silk georgette to tone. In ivory, black, and pastel shades.

49/6

HARVEY NICHOLS

& CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.I. TELEPHONE No. SLOANE 3440

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Fashions Set to Music.

PORTRAIT painters have faith in the power of music to persuade women to assume unconsciously their most pleasing expression. It has however been left to Mr. Walford Hyden, who wrote the music for many of Pavlova's ballets, to describe dresses in terms of music. He has discovered that the colour and line of the gown determine the *tempo* of the piece—the jewels provide the tune. He demonstrated how simple it was at a unique Fashion Parade at the Cambridge Theatre recently; the dresses had come direct from Paris, and the jewels from the collection of Captain Wm. Ogden, 4, King Street, St. James' Square. It will be recalled that this notable collector of gems travels all over the world in quest of unusual stones, specializes in pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. Jewellery, including lovely specimens in which diamonds and emeralds were present was worn by one mannequin, and the value of these was over £100,000.

Emeralds Suggest the East.

When a lovely white dress was shown in connection with emerald and diamond ornaments, Mr. Hyden played a waltz with a hint of the Orient in it; when a wet-weather ensemble was seen a melody the reverse of gay was noticeable; when the coat was discarded and a bright vermillion dress revealed, the music changed. No doubt rain, thunder, and sunshine might be described in terms of music. People asked would the piano be able to simulate the noise of an engine should an outfit for an aeroplane appear.



Every morning and evening a few minutes should be spent in doing the simple home treatments advocated by Eleanor Adair, 30, Old Bond Street, W. They are safe, hygienic, and guided by common sense. (See p. iv)

shades, or black and white. Elaborate gold and silver embroidery was extensively used for decorative purposes, the beading being heavier round the waist and hips than on the rest of the dress.

Studies in Black and White.

Among the most interesting fashions shown were the studies in black and white; ermine was used for boleros and coatees; an interesting fact is that the fur was cut away under the arms or wherever the hems overlapped which had a decidedly slenderizing effect on the figure. These accessories were partnered with black dresses or with those that had black shirts and white corsages. Sometimes the dresses were of an exquisite raven's wing blue shade, which in some lights appeared black.

Regarding Evening Ensembles.

The evening ensembles were interesting on account of the length of the coats; they were full length, waisted, and endowed with a modified flare, and of course fur had ever its rôle to play in their composition.

This simple maternity frock has been designed and carried out by Jeanne, The Quadrant Arcade, 80, Regent Street, W. She is a true artist in the designing of frocks of this character. (See p. iv)

They were more often than not of velvet in very bright colours; the dresses they accompanied being in pastel

Unique Jewellery.

Among the perfect specimens of the jeweller's art was a bracelet set with twelve diamonds from South America. They were collected for Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, and combined with emeralds were reset by Captain Wm. Ogden in the form of a ribbon bracelet. There was a modernistic brooch known by the name of "Flight" because it expresses the spirit of speed; it is set with flat-cut diamonds; it gives the effect of a narrow, up-flying shaft of light springing from an emerald base. From a halter of diamonds hung seven gorgeous emerald drops. Everyone desired to own a three-piece set consisting of hat-clip, necklace, and bracelet set with ancient Oriental rubies, emeralds, and carved sapphires set in the shape of flowers and leaves. Furthermore there was a superb necklace composed of ropes of ruby beads from which is suspended a circular ruby pendant fringed with flexible strands of diamonds. Another necklace consisted of large and wonderfully matched pearls.

To Sarah Jane, 19, Davies Street, W. 1, must be given the credit of this velvet evening frock with long sleeves. The scheme is completed with a halter collar tied in a bow at the back

(Cont. on p. iv)

FALSE TEETH



**EVEN A SURGEON WOULD SAY
THAT THEY ARE NOW CLEAN!**

False teeth cleaned by Milton are surgically clean. A powerful, harmless disinfectant has searched into every tiny crevice—chased out every speck of food—killed every lurking germ. While you were dressing, or while you were sleeping, half a teaspoonful of Milton in half a tumbler of water has done all the work for you. And look at your false teeth now! Fresh, sterilised—clean as shining snow. Milton 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle at all chemists.

READ THE BOOK THAT COMES WITH THE BOTTLE.

MILTON

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Triumph of the Two-piece.

There is nothing that has scored a greater triumph during this season than the ensemble, or two-piece outfit, it is practical and smart, and there are so many versions that may be woven on the theme. The model illustrated on this page owes its origin to Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W.; the coat is of smooth, green hopsac, enriched with silk stitching, the collar being of Persian lamb; the dress is of a lighter-weight hopsac with a double polo collar, one white and the other green *crêpe de chine*; after moulding the hips the skirt is endowed with a slight flare. As pounds, shillings, and pence are always of interest it must be related that the coat is £18 18s. and the frock £9 9s. There is a splendid assortment of these outfits in these salons, some have coats of Scotch tweed collared and cuffed with fur with *crêpe de chine* or wool dresses, and there are others carried out in two weights of tweed. All interested in the subject must write for the profusely illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Smart Maternity Models.

There are few who excel in the creation of really smart maternity models; that true artist in dress, Jeanne (The Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street, W.), is among them. It is a maternity dress that finds pictorial expression on the left of p. ii. It is carried out in navy-blue wool *romaine* with collar and cuffs of white *georgette*, and when it is stated that the price is only 8½ guineas all and sundry must admit that it is exceptionally moderate. It is the greatest boon to a woman who is desirous that her figure shall maintain graceful proportions. It is perfectly simple and there are no complicated fastenings. Standing out with prominence in the domain of coats is one of black cloth with the new shape *rever* collar, and although it is trimmed with black Persian paw it is only 13 guineas. An illustrated brochure will be sent gratis and post free.

Distinctive Luggage.

People to-day are very particular regarding their luggage, they like all their travelling paraphernalia to be in harmony. All in quest of something that is different must wend their way to Debenham and Freebody's distinctive luggage department; it is situated at 40, Wigmore Street, W., opposite the main building. In addition to travelling-trunks and cases of all kinds there is a wealth of choice of those things that add so much to the comfort of the traveller; there are men's and women's dressing-cases and sets, there are sets of bottles in leather cases, *attaché* and other writing cases. By the way, a note should be made of the fact that this is an ideal place to choose Christmas gifts, no matter whether they be for friends at home or abroad.

New Prices for Silk Stockings.

In order to maintain their policy of the lowest prices possible Jenners have reduced the cost of their well-

known special brands of British-made silk stockings. The result is a saving of up to 2s. per pair. Among the shades that are sure of a success are *nutria*, a brown squirrel rather lighter than *nutria*, a *rosita*, a dark fawn robbed of all pink shades, it really is a lovely *nuaunce*. Admirable for daytime wear are the Priscilla silk stockings; with lisle feet they are 6s. 11d., and silk all the way, 8s. 11d. Then for evening wear there are the Prunella for 12s. 6d. per pair. Like the finest cobweb ever spun by

a spider are the 500- and 100-gauge stockings; they are 21s. and 25s. 6d. per pair. A few words must be said about a novelty for 29s. 6d. per pair; these stockings give the impression of being 'pin-pricked all over; neither must the fish-net stocking be overlooked as they have undergone a complete metamorphosis; they are very fine and do not pattern the leg; they are 10s. 6d. and 25s. 6d. per pair. They will send their catalogue gratis and post free on application.



A FASHIONABLE TWO-PIECE SUIT
Designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100,
Regent Street, W.

Change is a Law of Nature.

Change is one of the laws of Nature; women must change for better, not for worse. Eleanor Adair, 30, Old Bond Street, W., shows that these may be accomplished in the easiest way possible by simple treatments for faces and bodies. No make-up has ever been known to hide lines drawn by ill-health, and most assuredly no make-up can hide the hard lines on the brow and corners of the mouth. These lines can be removed or kept at bay provided the muscles and nerves are braced with the Eastern Ganes Oil, and the skin cleansed with the Diable Tonic. It is a splendid wash for the eyes, removing puffiness from under them; it likewise closes the pores, cleanses, strengthens, and whitens the skin. Every morning and evening a few minutes should be spent in doing the pleasant home treatment, particulars of which will be found in her brochure, sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

The Contours of the Face Preserved.

During the hours of sleep the muscles become relaxed and the face falls out of shape unless supported, and as a youthful appearance largely depends on the preservation of the contours of the face Eleanor Adair's chin strap is warmly to be recommended; if worn at night it braces up the sagging muscles. Loss of contour makes the face look old and alters the whole expression, all of which can be prevented by wearing this light, comfortable strap. It stops the formation of lines running from the nose to the mouth, and keeps the latter closed during sleep to prevent snoring, and completely eradicates a double chin. Another clever invention is the forehead strap; it smooths out lines on the forehead and prevents crow's-feet.

Fashion's Accessories.

Ever such a useful brochure as Gorrings' (Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.) latest production devoted to fashion's accessories. Pictured therein are multi-coloured tinsel brocade coats for 69s. 6d., those of artificial silk velvet being 39s. 6d.

A Correction.

In the notice relative to Percy Vickery's lovely furs, his address was incorrectly given. It is 235, Regent Street. This was stated beneath the sketch on the same page.

"LIFT YOUR FACE EVERY DAY"

says Frances Hemming



Photo by Maurice Beck & Macgregor

"You can't begin too young to give your facial muscles regular attention. But even if your contours have begun to look blurred and drooping, don't be alarmed. I have designed a simple treatment by which, gradually and naturally, your muscles will regain their tone. On alternate days use my Special 'E' Skin Food and my Muscle Restorer. The former builds up the flesh of a relaxed throat, the latter braces up the jaw muscles which govern the whole contour.

"Then just for ten or fifteen minutes daily, while the Skin Food or Muscle Restorer is soaking in, wear my Cyclax Chin Strap. It rests the tired

muscles and gently moulds the whole face into the clear, sculptured lines of youth. Lastly, after your morning wash, sponge the muscles of the whole face with cold water and a dash of Braceine. You need never resort to operations or mechanical treatments if you follow my natural method of lifting the facial muscles

"If you possibly can, call at my Salons for a personal consultation with me or with one of my experts. You can obtain my Cyclax Preparations and my free book 'The Art of Being Lovely' at all good chemists, hairdressers and department stores."

Frances Hemming

Cyclax Skin Food

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

Cyclax Braceine

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

Cyclax Chin Strap

6/6

Cyclax Soap

3/6 per tablet, 9/6 box of three

Cyclax Cleansing Lotion

4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

Cyclax New Muscle Restorer

4/6, 8/-, 15/6, 30/-

❖ CYCLAX ❖

CYCLAX LTD.

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET W1

PARIS

Telephone: Mayfair 0054

BERLIN



From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 288)

Monday at Heythrop Village set the tambouré a-rollin', although there were not quite so many following the draw as usual on this first dress-parade. The engaged—and since married—couple arrived ensemble, and seemed to be receiving many "measly" condolences. The wedding was on Thursday the 6th, and we hope the bridegroom did not jump the altar rails in the same way as he jumped those rails to-day.

From the York and Ainsty

The opening of the regular season, in most years a happy occasion, is overshadowed this time by the death of our former Master, Captain Harry Whitworth, who passed away at his home, Kilnwick Percy, on October 30. After a successful reign in the Holderness in pre-War days he took over the York and Ainsty in 1919, and held office for ten seasons, and it is doubtful whether any hunt servants in the country were better mounted than his always were. No one ever heard him say an unkind word, either in the hunting field or out of it.

The North and South packs held their opening meets on November 3 and 4 at the same places as last year, the former, with Lord Mountgarret hunting hounds, at Nun Monckton, and the South at Poppleton Green to attack the Red House area. This bit of country, though all grass, isn't what it used to be; the fences being all timber makes it all far too visible from the York-Borough-bridge main road, with the result that motors



lan Smith

WITH THE LINLITHGOW AND STIRLING

Lady Joan Hope, Lord and Lady Linlithgow's second daughter, and a friend at the opening meet of these hounds at Cathlaw, Mr. Stuart-Brown, the secretary's house. Cathlaw is a bit high, hence the snow

head the foxes and keep them in between the road and the river. Incidentally, we shall be interested to see how the Bramham get on in their effort to stop motorists following hounds.

From Lincolnshire

All the county packs have now made a start and gay scenes have been witnessed at the opening meets. There is every prospect of some topping sport. If the leaf still lingers on hedge and tree the going is all right, and November as a rule is a good month. Our forefathers used to tell us to cram in as much hunting as possible before Christmas lest the rigours of winter should stop us later on. This is a useful tip, and especially so at the moment when frost is already doing a bit more than threaten our more northern neighbours.

The Southwold were set going on November 1 at Well Vale Hall, where Major Walter Rawnsley tried his best to fortify all and sundry with some real good "buck-me-up-o." It was a jolly good sporting day, plenty of foxes but no kill.

Lord Yarborough now enters upon his fifty-first year as M.F.H. of the famous Brocklesby—truly a remarkable record considering that he and his progenitors have successively carried on the Mastership since the early eighteenth century. During the concluding week of cubbing his hounds gave a taste of what may be expected later on.

Friday from Walsby, and Saturday from Haverby cross-roads, were exceptional days, and twice hounds ran for sixty minutes without checking. The laggards saw little of the fun, albeit wry-necked foxes enabled them to nick in now and then.

Income Tax 2/6

THE younger brother of a baronet, living at home in comfort, has recently been drawing the dole. He regards it as a joke.

Numbers of men are earning high wages for three days of the week, and deliberately taking the dole for the remainder.

Tens of thousands of women are 'on the dole'; yet there is a shortage of domestic servants.

Cigarettes and cinemas represent the multitude's primary occupation.

No man has the right to live unless he is prepared to labour for his food and shelter. The soil of England is fruitful, and the menace of famine does not exist. For every shilling paid in doles the country should demand the equivalent in work.

Necessity is the mother of energy. Idleness creates a cancer which destroys the body and the soul. If sloth be subsidized, humanity will decay.

When the rulers are timid, the multitudes degenerate into a shiftless and self-seeking rabble.

After a great storm the dross surges to the top. Democracy has been tried and found 'wanting.'

The whole world is sick of politicians. Their profession is one without faith. Their promises are illusions, their practices usurpant, their expenditure colossal, and their achievement negligible.

Governments pandering to the lowest form of intelligence can never aspire to progress. Every political Party is now dependent upon the votes of the herd. Their panaceas are quack medicines. Hence the continuance of millenium baits, irredeemable promissory notes, pledged upon the confiscation of someone else's property.

Two million persons pay Income tax in England out of twenty-eight million voters. These two millions represent the brains of the country, and are the real workers, but no political party is likely to consider the votes of such a minority.

Next year the Budget may not balance. What then? We are now taxed twice as highly as any other country. If any further increase is attempted the Revenue will be less, and unemployment will be rampant.

Grock, a comic genius, was so excessively taxed for entertaining us that he deserted our country; his sense of humour was his salvation. A clever clown resented becoming a slave. Our industrial geniuses, apparently, are assumed by politicians to be such dull clowns that they will submit to perpetual slavery. We need a change of circus-masters.

The blood of the productive workers of England is being sucked dry by politicians and bureaucrats, whose vast army of satellites, drones and parasites are carrying a plague upon prosperity.

Businesses are afforded no opportunity to accumulate reserves for expansion. Economy is discouraged, and the only reward for saving is further confiscation by means of Death Duties. Soon there may be no Death Duties, except those collected from the estates of deceased persons in mental homes.

No Government has attempted to tackle the unemployment problem intelligently. Industry is crippled by taxation, and its reserves squandered by an unproductive and ever-increasing bureaucracy. Decrease taxation, and industry will revive.

Reduce the Income Tax from 4/6 to 2/6, and the total Revenue derived would probably be increased. This is not a paradox; it is sound finance. Capital would be freed, and the impetus would be electric. Businesses would be enabled to expand, manufacturers to compete, and the vast unemployment would immediately be relieved.

None of these observations is guesswork or fanatical theory. The woollen trade is one of Britain's greatest industries, and this advertisement is issued by the principals of the House of Pope and Bradley who are in close personal touch with the chief manufacturers.

14, Old Bond Street, W.

AWAY WITH WRINKLES — KAYSER STOCKINGS CLING SMOOTH AS PAINT TO YOUR SKIN

• JEAN COCTEAU



Flawless silk — slim-fitting from knee to instep — 'slipper heel' * that gives ankles tapering grace. Amazing sturdiness that survives washing after washing — you can buy Kayser stockings in all new shades at all good shops from 6/11 a pair.

* Registered Trade Mark: Made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributors:
C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1

KAYSER

Pictures in the Fire—Continued from p. 316

standing in the market. The stables have no stall partitions; from one stable horses can see right into slaughter stalls. I did not see any water buckets or water in any of the stables. Butchers splashed with blood move about among horses on their way to the café for a drink. One man came out four or five times in the hour that I was there. I sat outside the café so as to get a good view of the abattoir and market.

On my third visit I saw a bay hunter tied for a long time outside the slaughter stalls. He was quite frantic, and they had considerable difficulty in forcing him into a stall. It was so full of carcasses he nearly knocked some down. I saw men loading vans with carcasses, offal, and hides beside horses tied outside stables. One butcher's horse (a chestnut) yoked to a van was so terrified at standing in blood, it would not even stand when blindfolded. On my second and third visit I was challenged by stablemen, so asked for Captain Harris. Neither they nor the *concierge* had ever heard of him, but two men in an office said he was not there and was probably in England. On June 16 Sir Robert Gower and Captain Fairholme went to Vaurigard and were conducted round by the Society's representative. They offered humane killers to M. Barbaud (president) under the following definite conditions:—

(1) That every horse (at Vaurigard) killed during twelve months was to be killed with the humane-killer. (2) That the Society's representative was to have free access at all times to all parts of the abattoir.

At a conference of butchers and dealers on July 24 this offer was accepted. They added that they should like to begin universal killing with the humane-killer by July 1 if possible. The weapon chosen was the Schermer pistol. All this was announced at the R.S.P.C.A. meeting on June 25. On October 2 Sir R. Gower presented fourteen killers and 80,000 cartridges,

enough for one year, to Vaurigard. I waited at the council meeting last Thursday to tell them what I had seen; they would not see me. We had informed them by letter that the killers were not being used. Sir R. Gower's explanation to me was that the men had not been instructed yet."

I suggest that all those who are so zealously working to abolish this revolting condition of things are beginning at the wrong end so far as horses exported for "meat" from this country are concerned, and that there is only one remedy, an Act prohibiting this export *in toto*. Neither the R.S.P.C.A. nor anyone else can protect these unfortunate animals once they have left this country. Benevolent persons and associations might present foreign abattoirs with enough humane-killers to last them till the crack of doom; they might obtain assurances that these things would be used in place of the old method, into the details of which I need not go, but they possess no power at all to enforce things. The only remedy, as I have asserted all along, ever since I made an endeavour to fight this thing, is an Act putting the absolute veto on the export of horses for "meat." The evidence of what has happened in the past and is still happening is too overwhelming for anyone to pretend ignorance. It is a bestial business, and we in this country can do our small bit by making the export for "meat" illegal. This is the only kind of Bill of any value at all. All other effort is a waste of time and money.



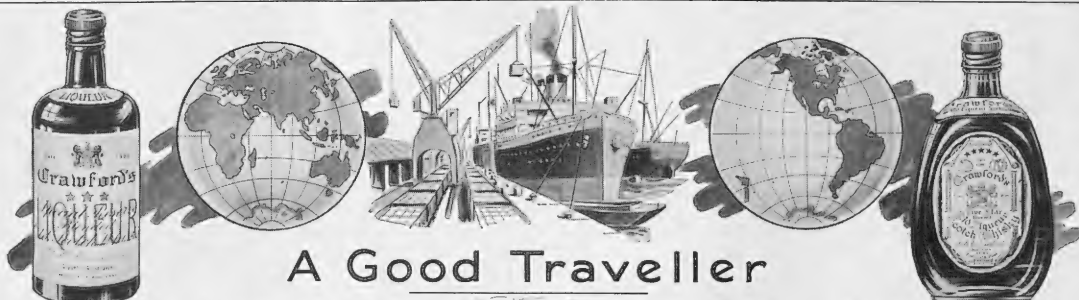
Miss Compton Collier
MRS. JAMES HENNESSY AND HER
BABY DAUGHTER MARIE LOUISE

A pleasant portrait of Sir George Hennessy's daughter-in-law and her little girl, who will be a year old next March. Mrs. Hennessy was formerly Miss Angela Duggan, and is Lady Curzon of Kedleston's very attractive daughter






From an evening paper:

Major-General C— was Chief of Ordnance in 1917 and retired the following year.

The gentleman referred to is a distinguished author. He will be pleased at this news. It would be interesting to be told whether there was any extra pay hanging to the illustrious appointment.



A Good Traveller

From the Firth of Forth to the Ports of the World...
By  and  to Cities afar... To the Outposts of
Empire by  and  Over the Mountains
by  The 'Star' Whisky arrives exactly as it
leaves the Bonded Warehouse at Leith.....



The Vacuum
Safety Top to
every Bottle
Safeguards
the contents.

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
"SPECIAL RESERVE"
and
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
for very
special occasions



OH, GOOD!
it's an 'ivory' tip!

Even stern masculine lips
are grateful for the smooth-
ness and pureness of the
'Ivory' tip—the perfect
finish for the perfect
Virginia cigarette.



DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 for 6d. A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE Turks 20 for 1/-

4711 EAU DE COLOGNE IS FRAGRANT AND LASTING

Ideal Batteries de Toilette.

A fragrant aroma surrounds the woman whose bath-room ritual is ministered to by 4711 Eau de Cologne, and whose handmaidens do not overlook the bath salts, dusting powder, and soap. To put the matter in a nutshell they are ideal batteries de toilette. It seems unnecessary to dwell on the manifold advantages of 4711 as a perfume; it is sold in bottles at prices to suit all purses. There is nothing more refreshing than a bath to which a dash of it has been added, no matter whether it be at night or in the morning. Surely

4711 Eau de Cologne has many companions that intelligent women regard as faithful friends, they include bath dusting powder, bath salts, soap, and vanishing cream, all of which make welcome Christmas gifts

4711 Eau de Cologne has many companions that intelligent women regard as faithful friends, they include bath dusting powder, bath salts, soap, and vanishing cream, all of which make welcome Christmas gifts

No modern woman considers her dressing-table complete unless a bottle of 4711 Eau de Cologne finds a position there. Pictured is a large wicker-covered bottle, an imposing square one with metal screw cap, and a pear-shaped bottle

all women as well as men—for it is permissible for the latter to use it—will hope that among their Yuletide gifts there will be one if not more bottles of the same. By the way, a very pleasant and beneficial mouth-wash is a small glass of warm water to which half-a-teaspoonful of 4711 has been added/



Pictures
by
Blake



ASPIRIN

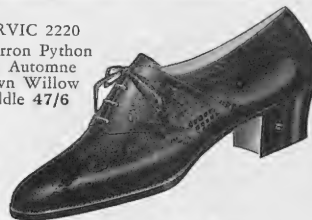
in emergency

Do not wait for the emergency to arise. It may prevent a severe illness if you have a bottle of Howards' Aspirin Tablets in the house, ready for use at short notice. And—when you are buying Aspirin Tablets—buy a really **good reliable** all-British make. It is very poor economy to buy cheap medicine. Ask your chemist for Howards' make of Aspirin Tablets.

They are **guaranteed** pure and absolutely reliable; and made by a firm with over 130 years' reputation for pure fine chemicals.

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD. (Est. 1797), ILFORD

NORVIC 2220
In Marron Python
with Autonne
Brown Willow
Saddle 47/6



NORVIC Sports Shoes

THE sports type shoe is very much the vogue this season. In NORVIC there are a most varied and charming collection of styles for both men and women. Craftsmanship and character are essential in sports shoes, and NORVIC shoes are made on bold and handsome lines which give distinction to the feet of men and charm to the feet of women.

NORVIC

and MASCOT Shoes for MEN and WOMEN

Intriguing Booklet of Styles with Hints on Bridge Play sent post free on request NORVIC Shoe Co., Norwich & Northampton (Write NORWICH)

Perfumes of Regal Pedigree



RALLET N°1

A bouquet parfum of exquisite subtlety.
Intriguing and fascinatingly distinctive.
Price 7/6, 12/6, 25/-, 35/- upwards.

*L*ES parfums Rallet, by right of their "fragrance exquisite," have held their place as favourites at the principal Courts of Europe, and they still retain the high rank of their first appearance in Moscow in 1842, a period when the art of perfumery was at its height. To-day they are the favourites of the modern woman who realises their distinction and charm, and above all, their superiority of quality.

Les parfums RALLET

No. 1, No. 3, Gardenia and
Maidou (the latest) are obtain-
able at all the Smartest Shops.

LONDON PARIS



NEW YORK



SALON DECCA

SIDE-BY-SIDE TEST proves superiority of AUDIOSCOPIC REPRODUCTION

SALON DECCA

Model 130

£5 : 5 : 0

Other Portables
from £2:12:6Cabinet Models
£12:12 to £24

*S*INCE Decca announced 'audioscopic reproduction' the attitude of music lovers towards the gramophone has been completely revised. Previously a false balance of tone disturbed the critics—prevented a gramophone from being 'the real thing.' Decca's sound scientists found the way to realism

by designing a sound box, tone arm and amplifying chamber so that the work of each unit is co-ordinated. Hear a Salon Decca played side by side with an ordinary gramophone. The Salon Decca gives truer reproduction; it is more life-like—more alive. And, naturally, vastly more pleasing.

CARL BRISSON



ON DECCA RECORD

No. F. 1893
It's You I Love } 2/-
Why?

SALON DECCA

Write for descriptive art booklets to—
DECCA, (Dept. 2), 1-3, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I wish to remind members that entries for the Members' Show close on November 17. It is to be hoped that all members will make a point of rallying to their association by loyally supporting their own show. The Crystal Palace is quite easy to reach, we are all so used to going there, and there is no doubt it is a very nice place for a show. Our Members' Show is always particularly pleasant, as there is a friendly, informal feeling about it. There is a novelty this year in a Variety Class open only to members who have joined the association since January 1, 1930. It is good news that our Open Show is to have additional certificates this year for bull mastiffs, bull terriers, Schipperkes, and Welsh corgis.

The "Merry Cocker" still goes merrily on, his popularity, far from declining, seems on the increase if possible, and the number of his admirers grows daily. Miss Street is a comparatively new-comer in Cockers but is beginning in the right way. She sends a photograph of some of her winning dogs, including her stud dog, Copplestone Knight, who is a winner of many firsts. Miss Street has a lovely blue roan bitch for sale, a winner at championship shows. She has also a very promising litter of blue roan pups for sale, these pups are three months old and should do well either on the bench or as workers.

There are no more attractive dogs than coloured Cockers. Miss Street's kennels are at present in Devonshire, but she is moving to Hampshire in the middle of November. The pups and bitch can be seen in London by appointment.

Now for the aristocrat of the spaniel world, the King Charles, with his near kinsmen



LAKELAND TERRIERS

The property of Mrs. Spence

rapidly to the front again; larger entries at shows and the renewed interest of the public are some of the signs of this.

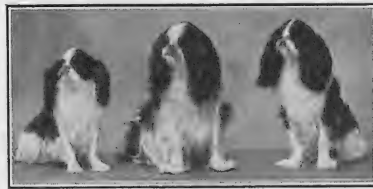
Mrs. Spence sends a photograph of her Lakeland terriers. She did very well indeed at the Kennel Club Show; the first three in the picture all winning prizes. Mrs. Spence finds there is a great interest taken in the breed. She hopes to have some pups for sale in the near future.

All letters to MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.



WINNING COCKERS

The property of Miss Street



CHAMPION TOY SPANIELS

The property of Lady Fowler of Braemore

a tasteful present for him this Xmas!

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER CIGARS ARE JUDGED

Without harmony it may be a cigar—but not LA CORONA CORONA. That is why LA CORONA CORONA is alone in quality. Every factor necessary in a really good Havana cigar is there. The searching selection of the pick of the tobacco crop . . . the subtle blending . . . the final deft touches of skilful hands . . . each quality adding its quota in perfect harmony until perfection is achieved . . . LA CORONA CORONA permanently sets a standard by which all other cigars are judged . . .

Be sure to examine the band. For your protection, every genuine Corona cigar, whether larger or smaller than the Corona size, carries the brand name LA CORONA.

LA CORONA CORONA

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE

The Society that does practical work for Animals.

Provides:—

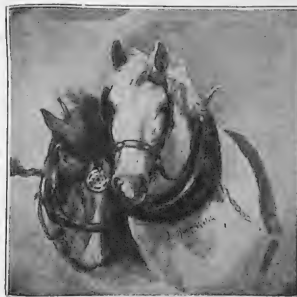
AN ANIMALS' HOSPITAL for free treatment of sick animals of the poor.

MOTOR HORSE AMBULANCES for street accidents and sick horses.

TRACE HORSES on steep inclines.

ANIMALS' SHELTERS in London, the Suburbs and the Country.

A CHILDREN'S BRANCH to encourage children in kindness to animals.



WILL YOU COME to

GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR
ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL, WESTMINSTER,
on

NOVEMBER 19th and 20th,
2.30 until 8.

Tickets 1/- each.

Stalls, Sideshows and Many Attractions.

ARTHUR GOODIFF, Secretary, O.D.F.L., 72, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.



PERFECTION

Supreme for 220 years
in every
Royal Court in Europe



The Original & Genuine
Farina Red Crest
Eau de Cologne

FARINA GEGENÜBER

The Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne, Soap, Powder, Shampoo and Creams, identified by the Red Crest, all possess the delightful and refreshing fragrance of the supreme Eau de Cologne: Farina Red Crest



Look for the Red Crest

Splendidly Fit and Healthy



Photo by Mabel Robey

MISS JOYCE KENNEDY,

now playing in "The Grain of Mustard Seed" at the Ambassadors Theatre, writes:—

"**N**OTHING but Phosferine—so what more can I say when I am asked how I manage to keep in such splendid health? Even in my schooldays I derived wonderful benefit from Phosferine, and it has so built up my system that I feel there is nothing to compare with it. As everyone knows, stage work always means late hours and insufficient rest, which undermines one's staying powers, and I am sure Phosferine prevents the strain becoming insupportable, as it keeps me in such a splendidly fit and healthy condition, with a reserve of vitality to meet all emergencies. Usually, to feel well on the stage means that one looks well, so naturally I have a warm appreciation for the assistance Phosferine is to my well-being and efficiency."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE—The most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (A Phosferine Product)
Tablets and Liquid 1/3 and 3/-

Aldwych

A French Wedding.

On November 29, M. Jacques de Blesson, Secretary to the French Embassy in London, the son of M. and Mme. Jean de Blesson of Paris, is marrying Mlle. de la Sizeranne, the daughter of the Comte de la Sizeranne and the late Comtesse de Paris, and the wedding will take place in Paris.

MISS BARBARA COOCH

The elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Cooch, whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. Anthony Miles Barne, 1st Royal Dragoons, the second son of the late Major Miles Barne, D.S.O., Scots Guards

In the New Year.

Mr. Algar Ronald Ward Robertson, Assistant Treasurer, Gold Coast, who is the son of Mr. Hume Robertson of 3, Abbotbury Road, Kensington, and Miss Carol Rhys Maunsell, the daughter of Mr. Henry Rhys Maunsell of Rathleigh, Killiney, Co. Dublin, have announced their engagement and they are to be married early in January.

This Month.

The marriage is to take place on November 19 at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore, between Mr. Robin George Marriott, Indian Forest Service, and Miss Pauline Octavia Legard, the youngest daughter of Colonel Sir James Digby Legard, K.C.B., and Lady Legard; another November wedding is that of Mr. Philip John Bidwell and Miss Ellen O'Neill Gibbons, which is to take place on the 22nd in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta.

Recent Engagements.

Captain Theobald D. C. Owens, M.C., P.W.O., 1st/4th Gurkha Rifles, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel D. J. Owens, late the Somerset L.I., and Mrs. Owens of Kambula, Bedford, and Miss Irene Hamilton Franklin, the

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

MISS ELIZABETH BARLOW

Whose marriage takes place to-day (12th) to Mr. Humphrey Davie of Stanton, Rowsley, Derbyshire. She is the younger daughter of Sir John Emmott Barlow, Bart., and the Hon. Lady Barlow



MISS FREDA AINSWORTH

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Ainsworth, who is engaged to Captain Frederick Yelverton Goring, 1st Battalion the Royal Sussex Regiment, the youngest son of the late Sir Harry Goring, Bart., and the late Lady Goring

Christian of 31, Courtfield Road, S.W.; Captain I. A. Ralston, the Highland Light Infantry, the only son of the late Mr. Agnew Ralston of Philipstoun, Linlithgow, and Mrs. Ralston, and Miss Patricia Barry, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barry of Highfields Park, Withyham, Sussex; Captain J. F. D. Steedman, M.B.E. M.C., R.E., the elder son of the late Mr. J. F. Steedman, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Steedman of Camberley, and Miss Olive Ursula Besant, of Cliff Court, Jersey, the younger daughter of Mrs. Besant of London; Mr. John Reginald Robinson of Blundellsands, Liverpool, and Miss Cynthia Mary Waddy, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Waddy of Yapton, Sussex, and grand-daughter of the late Judge Waddy, K.C.; Lieut.-Commander Mark Fogg-Elliott, R.N., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fogg-Elliott of Staindrop, Co. Durham, and Miss Barbara Mollie (Babs) Stiles-Webb, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Stiles-Webb I.M.S., and Mrs. F. L. Blenkinsop; Mr. R. Glynn Horley, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Horley of Peterson-super-Ely, and Miss Beatrice Thomas, the younger daughter of His Honour Judge L. C. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas of Cardiff.

Sore Throat?

"... I find FORMAMINT is a very nice friend to have in your pocket, when you are in trouble with your throat."

Mr. T.B. — T.

**FORMAMINT**
WULFING BRAND

destroys the disease germs in mouth and throat, thus conquering Sore Throat, and protecting you against infectious diseases, such as

**INFLUENZA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SCARLET FEVER,** etc.
Chemists, 2/6 a bottle.

At
all
Chemists,



JACOB'S
Water biscuits

Service Advertising

What would Water biscuits be without that delicate crispness; the clean flavour that brings out the personality of cheese as nothing else can. Cheese is only really at home with Jacob's Water Biscuits. Golden crisp or baked a rich dark brown, they have the real nutty flavour that makes all the difference. Buy them at your Grocers loose; in ½ lb. packets; or in 2/- tins.

W. & R. JACOB & CO., LTD.
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS.



The man who knows good Brandy will find in Castillon the mellow flavour and rich bouquet of a fine Cognac, distilled and matured in the Cognac district. The rare medicinal value of Castillon makes it a staunch friend in time of illness.



**BRANDY
AT ITS
VERY BEST**

CASTILLON
COGNAC

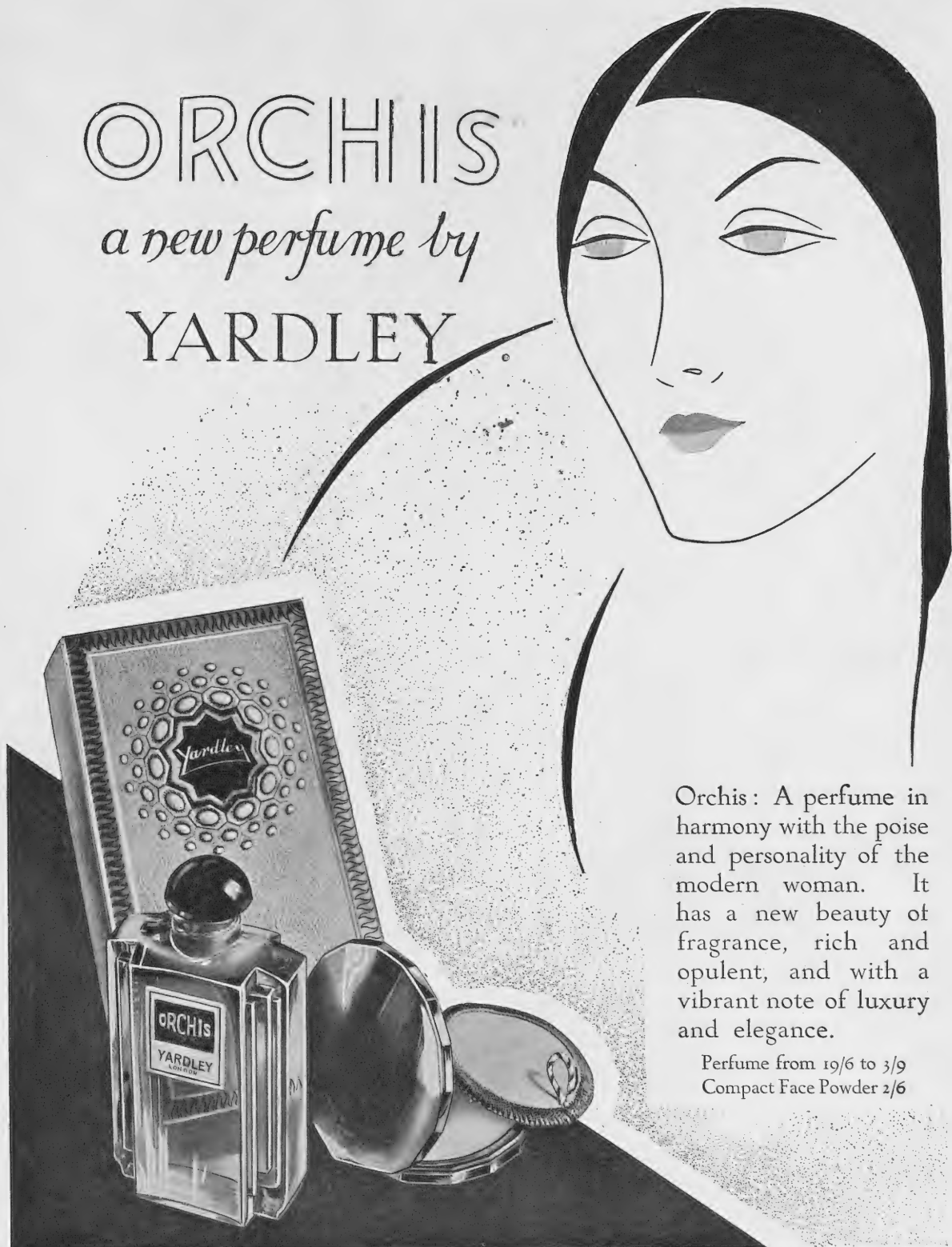
Willing

C.C. 43

ORCHIS

a new perfume by

YARDLEY



Orchis: A perfume in harmony with the poise and personality of the modern woman. It has a new beauty of fragrance, rich and opulent, and with a vibrant note of luxury and elegance.

Perfume from 19/6 to 3/9
Compact Face Powder 2/6

YARDLEY

8 New Bond Street

LONDON

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 320)

it will give. About a couple of years ago I ran a car through the winter with less than a quarter of its radiator-surface uncovered, and it never went better in its life.

Don't Race Engines.

If you have any regard to the value of your car and to what you intend to get out of it, be kind to the engine when you start it up from cold. If you can possibly spare the time let it oodle-oodle round for five minutes before you start giving it any gas to speak of. If you open up hectically the thing will doubtless answer obediently, but the odd bits and pieces that have to do all the real work will be so starved of oil that, without you knowing anything at all about it, they may do themselves a mischief. I believe that in this way an engine can do more harm to itself in a few minutes than it would otherwise suffer in hundreds of miles of ordinary running. Do not forget, too, that it does not do a motor much good to shut the carburetter choke and make it function on nearly neat fuel. The excess of juice wipes the oil off the cylinder walls and hence, in these circumstances, you get an utterly extravagant amount of wear and tear nearly all of which is quite avoidable.

Poor Old Battery.

I say, I do hope you will pardon the extreme technicality of these notes. But whilst I am on the job I may as well complete them. Don't forget to be kind



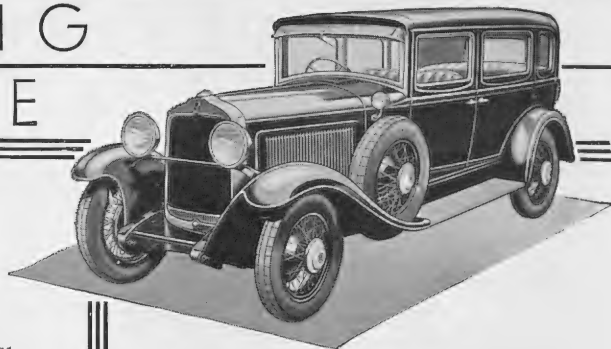
WITH THE WYLYE VALLEY HOUNDS: LORD ASHLEY AND MR. AND MRS. WILERAHAM

At the opening meet of these hounds at Norton Bavant Manor, near Warminster. Lord Ashley is the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir. The Wylye Valley are the next-door neighbours of the Avon Vale

to that long-suffering servant, the battery. For the next four or five months it is going to be grossly under-charged (or at all events that is a strong probability), and it is going to be extra-heavily discharged. It will have, thanks to shorter daylight hours, more lamps to keep going, and at mornings and other times it will have a sticky engine to grind round against treacherously lubricating oil and a spirit that is sluggish in evaporation. Also no battery is at its best in cold weather anyhow. During the summer and early autumn the poor thing has been regularly over-charged and under-discharged. Long, fast, runs have bumped it about more than a bit. So that, dear sir, or madam, if you now look at it you will probably find that it is not in the best condition in which to face its strenuous winter work. Take my advice then, and have it "seen to," so that you can go through the dark season without any fear of your lights failing, and without the horrible thought that just when you are in a violent hurry on that bitter morning you will have to start up by hand, than which there is nothing worse. But those who neglect batteries are asking for trouble all the time. They are the only components of a modern motor-car which resolutely refuse to look after themselves. And two final winter motoring tips which are well worth keeping in mind: Have your tyres a little harder than summer pressure (with at least one good tread on each axle), and see that your brakes are adjusted at least once a month. In the winter season your car serves you better than at any other time, for time is so short and it saves you so much. It is only fair then that you give it a little extra thought.

FASCINATING PERFORMANCE

Willlys
KNIGHT 20 h.p.



THE charm of the 20 h.p. Willlys Knight Sleeve Valve Six is realised as soon as one enters the car and glides away in utter silence.

The significance of the six cylinder Sleeve Valve engine is immediately apparent, but it is the smooth, silent, unrelenting flow of power which leaves such an indelible impression.

The soft furniture hide upholstery, the scientific contour of the seats and cushions combine with the well-modulated suspension to provide a degree of comfort that is almost sybaritic.

Such a car can only be appreciated by examination and road test. When may we arrange this for you?

5-Seater, 4-Door **£375**
Saloon

OTHER MODELS

Willlys-Knight 27 h.p. Sleeve Valve Six	£625
New Willlys Palatine Six	£259
Willlys Whippet	£188

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED Works, Sales and Export, HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT

C.D.C.

London Showrooms: 151-3 Great Portland Street, W.1.

Service Dept.: 111 Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10



Better all-round performance in the 24-h.p. VAUXHALL 'EIGHTY' —and prices reduced!

Prices: Richmond Saloon (formerly £540) now £495 (with sliding roof £10 extra); Kingston Sportsman's Coupe (formerly £595) now £535; Grafton Coupé (formerly £660) now £575; Grosvenor 7-seater limousine (formerly known as the Westminster, price £695) now £650.

Also the 17-h.p. 6-cylinder Vauxhall "Cadet" from £275 to £298. All obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. Write for illustrated catalogues to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. On show in London at 174-182 Great Portland Street, W.1.

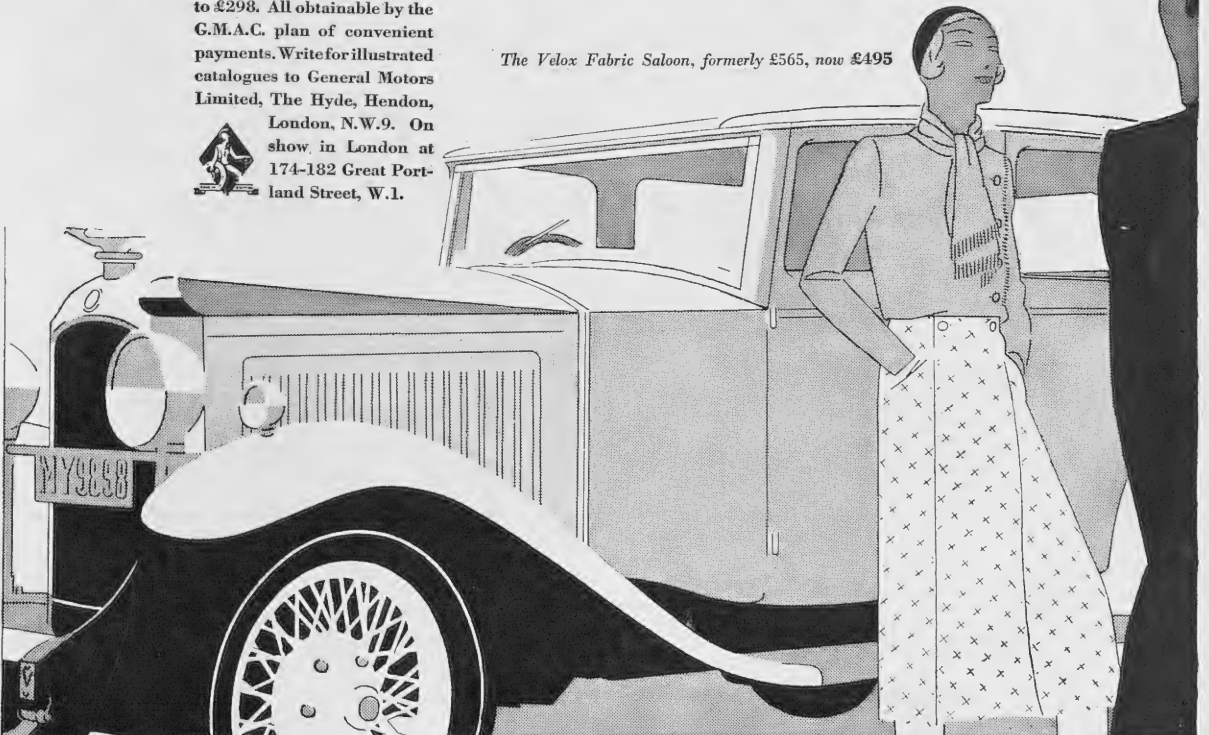


THE VAUXHALL 6-cylinder 20-60 has become the 24-h.p. Vauxhall "Eighty." Just the right degree of extra power to give you the few more miles per hour that make all the difference!

With 15% more power in your engine, you can skim up that stiff hill with even more verve than before. You're quicker away than ever from that traffic block. Yet petrol consumption is lower—and the "Eighty" actually costs less.

Only increased output, owing to the popularity of the Vauxhall, has made this price reduction possible. The same buoyant springing, magnificent brakes, graceful lines. Ask your dealer to arrange a run for you in the new Vauxhall "Eighty."

The Velox Fabric Saloon, formerly £565, now £495



CAR CAMEOS

The Ford

Some little time ago an enthusiastic owner of the lower-powered Ford model took me over a hundred or two miles of roads in Scotland that caused me not the least discomfort, but that set me to reading up all that I could find in various tomes about the late General Wade. I wanted to make certain of the roads we had missed. But this was a mere matter of curiosity, for, as I told him, I was quite ready and willing to do the same journey again the next day—particularly since I was desirous of seeing whether the Johnny in the punt in the big loch had at last got a bite.

That was a hectic time, and it left me with the conviction that the Ford (British edition) was a very, very fine car. I put its suspension as clean out of the ordinary, for to oblige a front passenger its owner-driver swiped it over a high kerbstone, and thereby I incurred his displeasure, for I was munching an apple at the back and never noticed the manoeuvre. In this statement of fact Mr. A. J. Salmon will bear me out, for he was munching an apple—another one—at the same time.

Of the bigger Ford—the 24'9-h.p. model—I know a little, but it was only comparatively recently that I had a chance of putting it through its paces on a long run. Let me say at once that in my opinion the extra ten pounds a year in tax is well worth it. For this is the *real* Ford. The other one—good as it is—is only a concession to our foolish system of taxation. So insular am I that it rather hurt me to be told that the lower-powered Ford with the right-hand steering was such an exception to standard practice that it hardly counted at all. Yet that is a fact. When the great show at Dagenham gets going, which will be quite

soon, the output will be mostly left-handed cars with the big engines. And Sir Percival Perry tells me that they will start at £120,000 of them per annum.

But, as usual, I wander from my subject. The Big Ford is a marvellous achievement. Nothing would induce me to say that she is a darling. Let her be content with my unadulterated admiration. She will not have my love. For my love is engaged with a car of a rather different kind. She has a perfectly astounding acceleration—but there is a touch of coarseness about it. And yet . . . she is so gallant,

so responsive, so untiring, so absolutely determined never to be defeated, that I must forgive this small fault. I do so the more readily because several of the new Ford owners have assured me that, in their cars, it does not exist.

Well, I took this Ford saloon (it costs £245) and I bumped and I badgered it over the worst roads that I could find. And again I satisfied myself that it is one of the best-sprung cars I have ever driven. It is well presented in every detail, and that which is before him, in the matter of neat controls, pleases the driver's eye as well as the cushions and leg-room please his *corpus vile*. The gear-change—rarely called for—is child's-play; the braking beyond criticism.

The clutch—or at least this one that I tried—required careful footing if it was not to be harsh.

And at low speeds the engine was these deficiencies. In one hour on the Big Ford I easily did 41 statute without the least effort.

Mrs. "P.V." and the girls said there was nothing like a six-cylinder engine. So when we got home I let them count the plugs.

Yes, it is a wonderful car! And I believe it is as near as makes no difference "All-British."



THE DE LUXE MODEL FORD SALOON

Positively

The
**STAR
COMET**

**THE MOST COMPLETELY
EQUIPPED CARS ON THE ROAD**

WITH TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS' FREE INSPECTION

Equipment includes: SMITH'S HYDRAULIC JACKING SYSTEM (which lifts the whole car or any one individual wheel off the ground)—PATENT SIGNALLING WINDOW—SILENT THIRD-SPEED GEAR BOX—Bendix Perrot Brakes on four wheels—Luvax Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—SMITH'S Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters

—High pressure engine lubrication—One-shot chassis lubrication—Reserve petrol supply—Concealed tables—Fog visor and fog light—Sliding roof—Window louvres, etc.

PRICE £495 ALL MODELS.

Write for illustrated literature or see the actual cars at

THE STAR MOTOR CO. LTD. - 27 ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1
WORKS AT BUSHBURY, WOLVERHAMPTON. (ASSOCIATED WITH GUY MOTORS, LTD.)

WHY?
such quick starting on
**WINTER
SHELL**

BECAUSE

adjusting the blend of Shell petrol to suit winter temperatures, gives quicker starting in cold weather than is possible from fuels blended on a compromise for both summer and winter use

Every Shell pump now delivers
WINTER SHELL
petrol for quick starting



Stuarts

Motor Notes and News



THE 30-H.P. STRAIGHT-EIGHT LANCHESTER
Fitted with coachwork by Messrs. Maythorn and Sons, Ltd.

An unexpected result of the present trade depression was the increased business done at Olympia by a number of makers of medium-sized, medium-priced cars. Owners and prospective owners who in more prosperous times would have invested in definitely large, chauffeur-driven types have this year been specially attracted towards medium-priced cars, costing less to buy and less to run, which they can drive and maintain themselves. Such motorists, however, do not want to "descend" to the level of avowedly "popular" makes designed primarily with an eye to their selling price. If for no other reason, their pride demands that they shall have a car which, even though it sells for comparatively little, has definite pretensions to distinction, in appearance, performance, and comfort. The Riley Company, for instance, despite the fact that prices remain unaltered for the coming year, have had one of the best shows on record. The extra refinement provided by the new Riley Nines and the Stelvio and Alpine Sixes, in lieu of lower prices, has given "the little more" which has attracted buyers who in times gone by would have regarded models selling for less than £400 as beneath their notice.

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., have recently brought out several interesting and useful booklets; one particularly should appeal to all motorists, viz. "Motor Car Lubrication Simply Explained," by H. Thornton Rutter. It has been written in order that the

non-technical driver may understand the lubrication system of his vehicle, and so realize the need for regular periodical attention, and the necessity for the use of a good quality lubricant. Armed with this knowledge the way is paved to maximum satisfaction in motoring. It contains a large number of helpful diagrams. Another booklet is "1930 Achievements," and a further one entitled "Wakefield Patent Oil Gun, Grease Guns, and Canisters," which they claim is simpler than a fountain pen. Readers of THE TATLER can obtain any of their booklets post free on application to C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Another most interesting book is that recently published by Messrs. Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., entitled "From Chariot to Car," by Robert J. Priest. It is full of most interesting illustrations from the State Coach built for King George V, by Messrs. Barker and Co., to the last word in motor car bodies. The work is entirely printed on fine art paper and with an attractive cloth cover, and is altogether a most interesting book.



MISS BINNIE HALE

With her 1931 Standard coupé. This model, which created much interest at the Motor Show, is fitted with an "Avon" body on an "Ensign" Six chassis, with four-speed silent third gear-box

The Age finds the Vehicle



TO every age its perfect transport vehicle — In pre-war days the "horseless carriage" fulfilled the individual's most exacting demands from transport. Only a few years ago the open two-seater aeroplane or the small single engined cabin machine was the last word in transport.

Not so, to-day. For the private owner who wants nothing but the best and safest, a multi-engined installation is essential. The ample seating accommodation and comfortable cabin of the Westland "Wessex" answers up-to-date demands for comfort and spaciousness. Its clean lines and structural robustness reflect the modern criterion of elegance concealing strength.

Not every private owner can afford a Westland "Wessex." But no company operating small units can afford to do without this economical air liner in miniature.

WESTLAND WESSEX
3 ENGINE 6 SEATER
CABIN MONOPLANE



PETER & HILL
AND SONS
OIL MOTOR
CARRIAGE, 1895.

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT WORKS
(Branch of Petters Ltd., Oil Engine Manufacturers)
YEovil - - - ENGLAND



ANOTHER



of the still very young but already very famous

"Red-Ashay" ILLUMINATED MOTOR MASCOTS

Registration No. 511,338. Patents applied for all over the World.

PRICES FROM 50/- to 105/- in Chromium Mounts.

Manufacturers & Patentees:

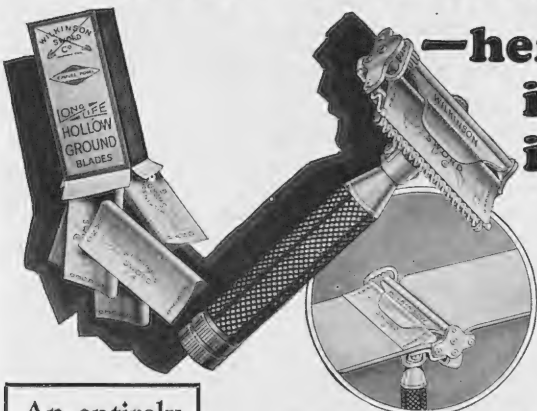
H. G. ASCHER LTD.,
4-8, Acomb Street,
Cannon-M., MANCHESTER.

H. G. ASCHER LTD.,
Stevenage House,
40-44, Holborn Viaduct,
LONDON, E.C.1

Glasgow Showrooms:
H. G. ASCHER LTD.,
16a, Princes Square,
GLASGOW, C.1

The secret of perfect shaving?

—here
it
is!



An entirely
new Razor

with

**HOLLOW
GROUND
BLADES**

perfect self-stropping.

The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation.
The blades have long life—entailing a big reduction
in your blade bill.

Complete Sets. 7/6, 10/6

21/-

(Standard Set)

27/6, 35/6, 42/6

All Sets complete with long-life Hollow Ground
Blades, self-stropping razor and strop.

Packets of Blades 4/6.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Wilkinson Safety Razor



Wilkinson Sword Co., Ltd., 53, Pall Mall, London. Factory: Acton, London.



Supremacy

Supremacy to-day is an achievement—a considerable achievement in a competitive world. Supremacy is neither lightly won nor easily held. It is the reward of genius, retained by unflinching allegiance to an advancing standard.

For years, the progress of Castrol has been uninterrupted. It is our British pride to maintain always the sovereignty of this peerless lubricant.

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

QUALITY is the Best Policy

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., ALL-BRITISH FIRM, LONDON, E.C.2

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 294

him. Fortunately the civil authorities still do not know the extent of their powers over the flyer. When they do they will be able to make out a case against almost every pilot that flies.

A Name.

The Hawker Hornet has been renamed the Hawker Fury, a title which suits it less well. The new Napier engine designed by Major Halford has been named the Napier-Rapier which is a jingle that it is difficult to get out of one's head. Much depends on a good name for an air-craft or engine if it is to be sold in the open market. It matters less if it is to go to the Government alone. The Westland Wessex is a good name; so are nearly all the De Havilland light air-craft names. But Napier-Rapier will not leave you. It became so insistent that I found myself producing a triolet introducing it, and alluding in suitably metaphorical terms to the engine's low head resistance, and to the efficiency of the air cooling. It went something like this:

The rapier has a rapid blade,
Especially the Napier-Rapier,
Superbly wrought and finely made.

The rapier has a rapid blade,
As quick as light, as cool as shade,

So slim that nothing could be shaplier;

The rapier has a rapid blade
Especially the Napier-Rapier.

If that does not make manufacturers much more careful what names they use for their aircraft and engines in the future, nothing will.

RUGBY RAMBLINGS
(Continued from p. 314)

The Universities, with one eye on Tuesday, December 9, are pursuing their usual course

of playing too many matches in a few weeks. Thanks to the absurd habit of playing the great match before Christmas it is practically impossible to try all the men who are worthy of consideration and especially those who have improved out of all knowledge as compared with last season. These men, and there must be several every year, are now making their reputations, but it will do them no good this season as far as getting a "blue" is concerned. The remedy is of course obvious, and it will be adopted some day.

The Light Blues had had such a run of success up to last December that it may surprise some people to learn that Oxford still hold a slight lead in the matter of victories, having won twenty-four matches to the twenty-one of Cambridge. At present there is no reason for making either side pronounced favourites this year; the chances are that it will be level betting when the teams take the field at Twickenham with one hopes, an English referee.

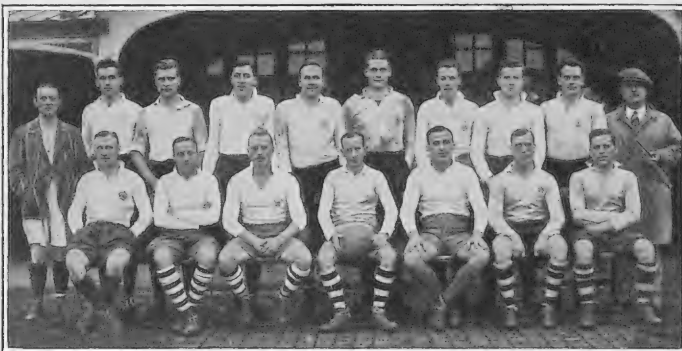
EVE AT GOLF

(Continued from p. 324)

Mrs. Foley, too, seemed to have her match in an almost impregnable position until she lost it at the 18th, and so Miss Justice's 2 and 1 win at the bottom could do no more than make the match look distinctly better on paper.

It goes without saying that everybody enjoyed themselves at Wentworth, not least the spectators. There was a good, strong wind but the rain which threatened never came and the occasional glints of sunshine on the beeches and bracken beside the 12th and 13th, on the magpies flitting into the woods by the 11th, were quite as well worth looking at as even the best golf.

Miss Eleanor Helme conducts "Britannia and Eve's" special golfing section.



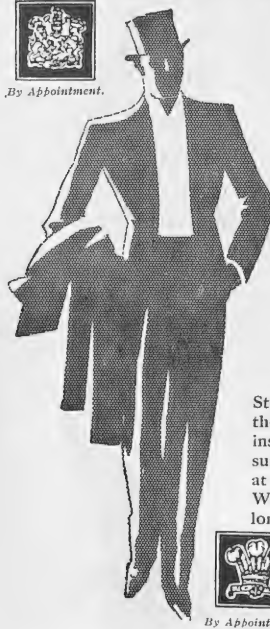
THE CIVIL SERVICE XV

R. S. Crisp

Which was well beaten, 6-0, the other day by the London Irish, a group of which team appears on another page. The names in the above picture, left to right, are: Back row—O. Jones (Referee), E. T. Vincent, W. D. Kirkham, A. Beard, T. A. Forse, A. E. Keens, C. Thompson, M. G. Kirk, G. A. Groom, W. Deane (Touch Judge); front row—D. G. Marshall, W. Davies, C. Broughton, I. John (Captain), F. D. Hopkins, A. G. Lewis, J. G. Davies



By Appointment.



By Appointment.

When
West-End
STYLE
is essential..
and ECONOMY
desirable..

Style is essential in evening wear. Even the man who is not usually "fussy" insists on having a flawless fit in his dress suit. Bernard Weatherill tailoring is seen at its best in this field. That inimitable West-End style for which they have so long been famous is well in evidence. In addition their charges are remarkably low—far lower than is charged anywhere else in the West-End for such first-class workmanship and materials.



Bernard Weatherill Ltd
55, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

81, Cannon St., E.C.4; Birmingham: 39, Cannon St.
Branches at ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY

★ Dinner
Jacket Suits
from 10 gns.
Dress Suits
from 12 gns.
Made to
measure.

THE
TOTALISATOR

operated by the staff of the

Racecourse Betting Control Board

will be in use at

Cheltenham (Mechanised)	Nov. 12, 13
Derby	Nov. 12, 13, 14
Catterick Bridge	Nov. 12, 13
Chepstow	Nov. 14, 15
Hurst Park (Mechanised)	Nov. 15
Warwick	Nov. 17, 18, 19
Hawthorn Hill	Nov. 20, 21
Manchester (Paddock only)	Nov. 20, 21, 22
Lingfield Park (Paddock only)	Nov. 22
Birmingham	Nov. 24, 25
Kempton Park	Nov. 26, 27
Newbury	Nov. 28, 29

Tickets representing bets of 2/-, 10/-, £1 and £10, either for Win or for Place, will be sold in the various enclosures.

The surplus funds derived from the operation of the Totalisator will be devoted by the Board entirely to CHARITIES, HORSE-BREEDING and the SPORT OF HORSE RACING.

All "4711"
Preparations
are easily
recognized
by the Blue
and Gold Label

"4711"—an
Inspiration in
Blue & Gold



"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE
in various sizes, 2/6, 4/9, 8/9,
10/6, 14/-, 15/-, 15/6, 30/-,
36/- and 56/- per bottle

In her shopping-round — for personal needs, for gift-buying — the superbly-refreshing "4711" Eau de Cologne is always on her "list." Fragrant, captivating, exhilarating, "4711" is the supreme expression of good taste for every toilet need, for every social occasion.

"4711" Eau de Cologne and the series of "4711" quality Toiletries make an instant appeal to the sense of charm and refinement inborn in every woman. "4711" products are a glorious rhapsody in Blue and Gold. In your shopping-round, and when gift-buying, give pride of place to "4711" Eau de Cologne and Toiletries.

No. 4711.  **Genuine**
Eau de
Cologne



VANISHING CREAM, for day use. Perfumed with "4711." In Pots, 2/- . Tubes, 1/- . Sample tube, 6d

COLD CREAM for cleansing. Perfumed with Attar of Roses. Pots 10½d., 1/6 & 2/6. Tubes 1/- each

FACE POWDER, Perfumed with "4711." In twelve carefully graded fashionable shades. Box 1/3

TOILET SOAP, Super-fatted. Perfumed with "4711." In boxes of three tablets, at 2/- per box

BATH SALTS, Perfumed with "4711." In jars 1/6 and 2/6. Extra large size, with screw cap, 3/9

BATH POWDER, Perfumed with "4711." In box complete with large velour puff at 4/6

A Lapsus Linguae—continued from p. 322

Paragraphs appeared about "The Beautiful Ball the Beautiful Mrs. Studd was Giving in her Beautiful House"; and invitations were sent to all Adolphe's clients, and on each card the words "and friends" were added.

On the night of the ball Belinda had an attack of nerves. Her new dress was tight, and so was Sam, and the thought of meeting all these strange people, on whom her future success depended, terrified her. But by the time the guests began to arrive she had pulled herself together and stood at the top of the magnificent marble staircase, clutching an enormous fan, in solitary splendour. Sam had collapsed and been put to bed!

The ball was a complete fiasco, and for some days afterwards was the joke of London. The unexpected, uncatered for "and friends" turned up in hundreds; it happened that nothing else was going on in London that night, and the party had been so well advertised that everybody decided to go and patronise London's latest hostess. They arrived in battalions. In two hours there was not a scrap of food nor a drop of drink left, and they all left as suddenly as they had come—angry, hungry, and thirsty—and the neighbouring coffee stalls did a roaring trade.

Belinda, distraught, wandered round the house amongst the debris, mechanically removing half-smoked cigarettes from the priceless occasional tables. She went, among other places, into the library, where she found four people comfortably ensconced engrossed in a rubber of bridge. One of the women looked up at her, and smiling sweetly said:

"Be an angel and send us a waiter with some more fizz will you?"

"I'm frightfully sorry, there isn't any left," Belinda answered. She burst into tears and threw herself hysterically on to the sofa, a broken woman.

When she recovered her calm she found only one of the card-players left, a middle-aged woman with a rather distinguished air.

"Aren't you my hostess, Mrs. Studd?" she said. "I am told you want to get into Society. I rather think I can help you if you will let me. I am Mrs. Frost, and I know the ropes."

Mrs. Frost was as good as her word, and six months later Belinda was calling all those five hundred "newspaper folk" about whom she had read for so many years by their Christian names.

She saw very little of Sam now. He spent his mornings writing out cheques to pay for her entertainments, and that done, he would retire to a billiard saloon he had discovered in Leicester Square, where he would remain in seclusion for the rest of the day.

But one morning Belinda came to him in a great state of excitement. "I've had a letter from Lady Plantagenet," she said, "asking me if I would like to buy her Romneys."

"What are Romneys?" he asked. "Something to eat?"

"Pictures, you idiot. Do try to educate yourself."

"People don't mind my lack of education as long as I'm prepared to pay," he said shrewdly.

"Well, this will cost you £60,000, and I've set my heart on meeting the Plantagenets. They are most important people. She's Lady Clackmannan's mother, you know, and the Duchess of Pins' aunt, and neither of those two will ever come to my parties. I've tried ever so hard to get them, but once I'm seen about with Lady Plantagenet they will have to receive me."

"Why?" asked Sam, stupidly.

"Oh, don't ask silly questions. Will you let me have the money?"

"Of course, my dear."

She kissed him.

"You are a nice old thing, really. And now I'm going down to their place at Windsor to lunch to see the pictures, and they've asked us both to dine next Thursday at the Diplomats' Club. I am so excited."

"If I pay, must I dine?" asked Sam.

"Of course you must, dear. They are longing to meet you."

And she bustled off happily.

"Has your master come in yet, Peters?" Belinda asked anxiously the following Thursday evening.

"No, Madam," replied the butler.

"Then go at once to that disgusting place in Leicester Square where he spends his time playing billiards and bring him home."

Ten minutes later the faithful Peters appeared with Sam.

"Come up at once. I want to speak to you and you're late already," she screamed at him over the banisters.

"Now," she said, "have you remembered what you are to talk to Lady Plantagenet about at dinner?"

"I don't see why I should talk to the old girl at all. She's getting sixty thousand quid out of me for some pictures she doesn't want and I don't want either, and you expect me to talk to her as well."

"I've never known you mean before." His wife began to cry. "Please help me and talk about Art to-night."

Sam was struggling with a white tie, a sartorial intricacy of which he was not yet, and was never likely to be, master.

(Continued on p. xxvi)

WOMAN'S GOOD APPEARANCE

depends first of all on the contours of her face and neck. As soon as the skin becomes loose and baggy, as shown in the left-hand photograph, age becomes apparent. By the entirely new and safe HYSTOGEN Electro-Thermic method, evolved and practised personally by a highly-skilled and experienced Swiss Specialist, the result, as shown in the right-hand photograph, is achieved in a few short visits, and the face and neck made young again. Also wrinkles around the eyes, unsightly noses, ears and lips, and skin flaws etc., are permanently corrected by the latest scientific methods, in from one to three visits. Thousands of Clients have already benefited by his wonderful treatment. Consultations are free, and signed articles written by Lady Maud Wreander, Rosita Forbes, Margery Lawrence, Gilbert Frankau and other prominent people, who have investigated the Hystogen Method for the British Public, are sent free on application, together with other literature, to readers of "The Tatler."

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1910)

40, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

YOUR WINTER HOLIDAY

(SEASON BEGINS NOVEMBER 1st.)

Luxurious 33 days' voyage: 20,000-ton steamers. Union-Castle Line weekly. R.M.S.P. and Blue Star Line fortnightly. Booth Line monthly. NO DUST, NO MUD. Ensure Comfort by booking early. Come for Christmas. Drink "MADEIRA" THE fashionable dessert wine. Ideal at 11 a.m. lunch or dinner.

Modern delights amid sunshine and flowers

MADEIRA

The Atlantic Flower Garden

TENNIS, SEA-BATHING, DANCING, CASINO, Etc. First-Class Hotels. FREE PAMPHLET and profusely illustrated 50-page booklet in colours from THOS. COOK & SON, LTD. Agencies everywhere.

PRINCES HOTEL BRIGHTON



Situated in Hove, overlooking the famous lawns, and in easy reach of four Golf courses.

Princes Hotel offers the maximum of refined comfort,

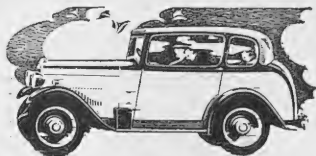
with its many charming self-contained Suites of Rooms and the acknowledged excellence of its cuisine & service.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE ROOMS WITH & WITHOUT PRIVATE BATHROOMS. TARIFF—APPLY MANAGER.

*Phone: Hove 1065.

Telegrams: Princes Hotel, Brighton.

Quality,
Refinement
and Dignity



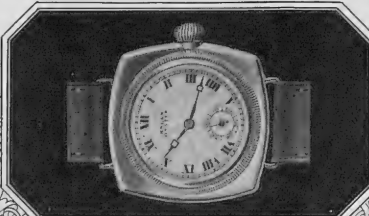
Designed and built to an ideal by engineers with whom pride of craftsmanship comes before all else, the Triumph is incomparable. Triumph quality stands pre-eminent. Triumph Scorpion—the least expensive luxury six, from £230, Triumph Super Seven models from £162 10s. May we send you full details?

TRIUMPH

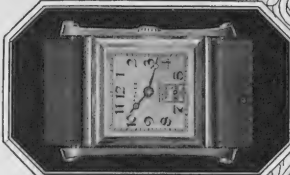
The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor).

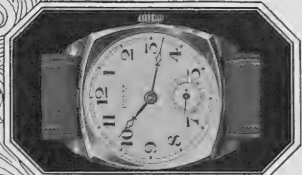
LEADERS OF FASHION AND PRECISION



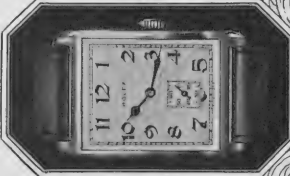
The Rolex 'OYSTER'
WATERPROOF—DUSTPROOF
Patent Nos. 260354-274739-281315
Snowite ... £5 15 0
9 Ct. £10 10 0 18 Ct. £15 15 0
SIZES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



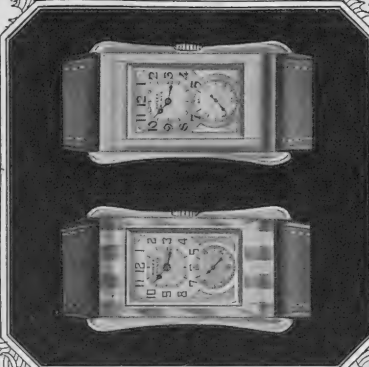
No. 69. In two-colour gold.
Curved to wrist.
9 Ct. ... £14 0 0
18 Ct. ... £18 0 0



No. 8.
Silver ... £4 10 0
9 Ct. ... £8 10 0
18 Ct. ... £12 10 0



No. 5. Curved to wrist.
Silver ... £4 10 0
9 Ct. ... £9 5 0
18 Ct. ... £13 0 0



The Rolex 'PRINCE'
The only wrist watch known to horological science as 'Observatory Grade'—a superfine production and a worthy gift in recognition of exceptional service.

Solid Platinum... £65 0 0
18 Ct. White and Yellow Gold £21 0 0
9 Ct. Gold ... £14 10 0
Untarnishable Sterling Silver £8 8 0

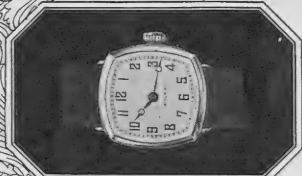
Swiss Government Observation
Certificate with every watch.



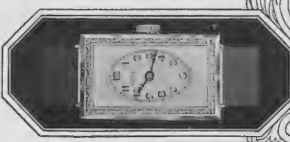
No. 78.
9 Ct. ... £8 15 0
18 Ct. ... £12 10 0



No. 33.
9 Ct. ... £6 6 0
18 Ct. ... £8 8 0



No. 6.
9 Ct. ... £8 8 0
18 Ct. ... £10 10 0



No. 80.
9 Ct. ... £7 7 0

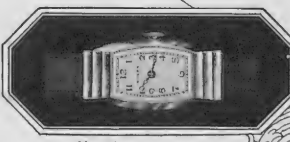
THE ROLEX MOVEMENT
HOLDS 25 WORLD'S RE-
CORDS FOR ACCURACY AT
KEW, GENEVA AND NEU-
CHATTEL OBSERVATORIES.

ROLEX WRIST WATCHES



No. 82.
9 Ct. ... £7 7 0

STOCKED BY LEADING
JEWELLERS AND AT THE
SAME PRICES THROUGH-
OUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

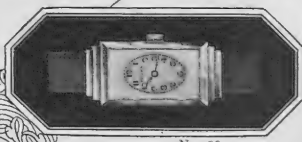


No. 91.
9 Ct. ... £9 9 0
18 Ct. ... £11 11 0

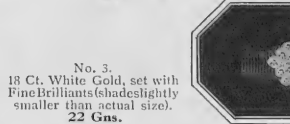
Sole Agents for India: J. Boseck & Co., Calcutta; Lund & Blockley, Bombay; P. Orr & Sons, Ltd., Madras and Rangoon.
See name ROLEX on dial and movement.

The Rolex Watch Co., Ltd.
(H. Wilsdorf, Managing Director)
GENEVA & LONDON

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to
THE ROLEX WATCH CO., LTD.,
40-44, HOLBORN VIADUCT,
LONDON, E.C. 1



No. 90.
9 Ct. ... £9 9 0
18 Ct. ... £11 11 0



No. 3.
18 Ct. White Gold, set with
Fine Brilliants (shades slightly
smaller than actual size).
22 Gns.



No. 62.
18 Ct. White Gold, set with
fine Brilliants ... 40 Gns.
Platinum... 65 Gns.



"Tell them how you admire their 'Lady Hamilton,'" she went on.

"Nelson's little bit, wasn't she?" He started the unequal contest with a fourth tie.

"You won't speak like that to-night, will you?" his wife implored him. "You would shock them dreadfully."

He put his arms round her gently. "Give all this up, old girl," he said, "and let's get back home again to the place we understand and that understands us. None of these people you pander to want us, or ever will. They laugh at you, and they are sorry for me, and get all they possibly can out of both of us."

He really loved her, and had come to the conclusion she must stop making a fool of herself and generous though he was, £60,000 seemed to him an exorbitant sum to pay for a dinner.

Belinda stiffened.

"Nonsense," she said. "And I beg of you remain sober this evening. It's the least thing you can do for me."

They arrived at the Diplomat's Club twenty minutes before their hosts, and while Belinda darlinged and deared her many new acquaintances and asked them to this and to that, luncheons, cocktails, dinners, and so forth, Sam managed to get himself into a condition of indifference at the bar, and by the time they went into dinner the twentieth Earl of Plantagenet was of no more moment to him than his billiard-marker in Leicester Square; less, in fact, as he did not play the game.

During dinner Belinda talked Art feverishly to everyone, the Plantagenets hunting to each other, and Sam drank.

"These people are too awful," Lady Plantagenet whispered to her husband, "and the man's blind drunk too."

"Don't jib at the last fence," her husband begged her. "The old woman has promised to lunch here with me to-morrow and give me the cheque, so for my sake bear them a little longer."

Belinda had a fatal inspiration. "Sam, dance with Lady Plantagenet," she ordered.

"Can't dance," he said. "Never could."

"Oh, Mr. Studd, I know you can. All Colonials are wonderful dancers," cooed Lady Plantagenet, getting up.

Sam scrambled to his feet, and as he was about to clutch her round the waist the cocktails and champagne won, and he hiccupped noisily in her face.

Outraged, she pushed him away from her.

"You horrid little man. How dare you try to dance in that condition?"

Sam glared for a moment, and then very slowly and quite deliberately he stuck his tongue out at her three times; after which he turned on his heel and left the building.

Lady Plantagenet was too well bred to faint, so Belinda had to. The only person who kept his head was Lord Plantagenet. He sent his wife home and did his best to calm the wretched Belinda.

Patting her hand, he said "Don't let this worry you, dear Mrs. Studd. Come and lunch with me here to-morrow just the same. Get your husband to send my wife a few flowers and a nice letter of apology, and she'll be all right, I assure you."

"Saved again," thought Belinda. "What a gentleman!"

"Thank you so much," she said. "And after lunch I can settle with you about the pictures."

"That will be ideal," he told her, reflecting that he would be able to buy those six glorious hunters he had seen that morning at Tattersalls in spite of everything.

Belinda and Sam met the following morning at breakfast. To her indignation he did not appear in the least ashamed of himself.

"Do you realize that you disgraced yourself and me before the whole of London last night?" she stormed.

"What did I do?" he asked. "I was so drunk I can't remember a thing."

"What did you do? You put your tongue out at Lady Plantagenet!"

He roared with laughter.

"Did I?" How damned funny!" he said.

"You may laugh, but it's no joking matter, and you've got to make it right," she said. "That dear, sweet man, Lord Plantagenet, says he will still sell us the pictures in spite of your behaviour if you apologize to his wife, so now go straight to Solomon's and buy every flower in the shop, and then to Charbonnel and Walker's and get every chocolate they have, and send them round to her at once in the car."

Silently he left the house.

Twenty minutes later she discovered him back again in the billiard-room, practising losing hazards.

"You've been very quick," she said suspiciously. "Have you done what I told you? Did you send the flowers and chocolates?"

"No," said Sam, bringing off a magnificent long jenny. "I went to Fortnum and Mason's and sent her a tongue 'With the Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Studd.'"

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:

45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155, Leadenhall St., LONDON, E.C. 3

LET THE COMPANY ADVISE YOU WITH
REGARD TO YOUR CAR INSURANCE.
EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2

BRITAIN'S SUPREME LIQUEUR



WELCOME ALWAYS KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S Morella CHERRY BRANDY

GRANT'S MAIDSTONE ESTABLISHED 1774. "Queen's" SWEET — "Sportsman's" DRY GRANT'S SLOE GIN & GRANT'S GINGER BRANDY.

OBSESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Road, Leicester. Box 89



RELICS & CURIOS FROM OLD SHIPS

BOOKLET POST FREE—

S. J. LETHBRIDGE, COOPERAGE

SUTTON WHARF, PLYMOUTH.

ESTABLISHED 1800.

MA Y WE MAKE UP
YOUR OWN MATERIAL
INTO A BAG OR POCHETTE TO
MATCH COSTUME OR GOWN FROM 12/6

JARROLDS (SLOANE ST.) LTD.
18, SLOANE STREET, S.W. 1.



*Preferred by London . . .
Paris . . . New York . . .*

The woman who thinks all permanent waves are alike is due for a gratifying surprise . . . The Eugène Method is gentle, safe, natural. Its perfect waves are close to the scalp, and the hair is left in flawless condition. London, Paris and New York will have no other. The great Eugène contribution to permanent waving—the feature that makes a Eugène wave worth many times its slight extra cost—is the ingenious Eugène Sachet with its patented perforated steam tab.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT

EUGÈNE SACHET

Eugène Sachets give the operator the hitherto unattainable ability to control the steam in intensity, direction and area. Be very sure your Hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets—26 to 36 for each wave. You'll recognise them by the Eugène trade mark on each one. Or sample Sachet and Booklet will be sent post free from

EUGÈNE LIMITED,
31, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W. 1

EUGÈNE
permanent waves



Notes from Here and There

There is undoubtedly an excellent future as a winter and spring resort and tourist centre for Tripolitania, there being several important reasons for this. Meteorological conditions are better than those prevailing in other parts of the north African coast. Under the Italian rule great progress has been made in developments and improvements. The modern part of the capital, Tripoli, has undergone in recent years a complete transformation; there are now an excellent harbour, spacious and well kept streets, very good shops, many fine buildings, and a large first-class hotel (opened early in 1925) as well as other hotels situated on the palm-shaded promenade between the Officers' Club and the Governor's Palace. Other hotels are in course of construction. The wonderful excavations at Lebda on the



A TURKISH CASTLE IN TRIPOLI

The attractions of Tripolitania as a winter resort for the tourist anxious to escape to a place in the sun are referred to in a paragraph on this page



MISS ULA SHARON

Who was the principal dancer in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane, opened for a week at the London Coliseum on November 10, and repeated her big success at "The Lane"

site of the ancient Roman Leptis Magna and at Sabratha, carried on during the last four years by the Italian Government, bid fair to rival Pompeii in interest, variety, and beauty. The public is only now beginning to realise their importance.

A novel and attractive little booklet of bridge problems has recently been brought out by Messrs. Abdulla and Co., Ltd., and edited by A. E. Manning Foster. Inside an attractively illustrated cover are set out four bridge hands. The first three present a novel feature in bridge literature. At the back of the book is set out a competition hand, for which £200 in prizes is offered. The four hands are set out, and you are invited to give the correct bidding of all hands and the play of all four players card by card in the thirteen tricks. The competition closes on January 21, and

Mr. Manning Foster's decision is final. He has already deposited in a bank in a sealed envelope his solution to the problem. This little book costs only 1s., which includes entry coupon for the competition, and is excellent value for the money.

Any of our readers who are thinking of winter sports in Switzerland and Chamonix should make a point of getting a copy of the most attractive and interesting booklet just published by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., entitled "The Gateway to the Snows." It contains nearly 200 pages of useful information, including a number of interesting illustrations. A copy of the booklet may be obtained on application to Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.



THE KING OF ETHIOPIA'S MEDALS

The decorations and medals, of which more than 900 were especially made by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London, for the recent coronation of H. M. Haile Sellase I, Emperor of Ethiopia. On the left is the Order of Saba; on the right the Order of the Trinity; centre-top, the Military Medal (Order of St. George); bottom, the Military Medal (Order of Haile, Sellase I)

Jeanne for smart Maternity Models

168. Appliqué Ecru Lace enhances the graceful lines of this Satin Ninon Afternoon Gown.

10½ Gns.

Illustrated Brochure on request.

A selection of Jeanne models can also be seen in Gown Showroom of

STANLEY Ltd.
City Arcades,
BIRMINGHAM

Jeanne
QUADRANT ARCADE
80 & 82, REGENT ST., Piccadilly Circus, W.1
Telephone: GERRARD 4516.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

SNAP'S
the word



SHAKE'S
the action!

A few drops of Rose's Cocktail Snaps—clap on the top of the shaker and get busy with that left wrist work! Then, pouring it out—sipping it—what richness of flavour, what new tang and vitality! Never was there such a cocktail before! Rose's Cocktail Snaps are pure non-alcoholic, super concentrated fruit essences, a few drops of which give a cocktail a new purpose in life. Conveniently boxed in sets of five flavours with an amusing recipe book, and sold for 9/6 the set, by Grocers and Wine Merchants, Fortnum & Mason's, Selfridge's, Harrods, Victoria Wine Co., etc.

ROSE'S
COCKTAIL SNAPS
L. Rose & Co., Ltd., 89 Worship St., E.C.2

**Same price
as petrol**



**Conserve the life
of your battery
For easy starting
change over to
NATIONAL
BENZOLE MIXTURE**

NATIONAL BENZOLE COMPANY, LIMITED
WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1

(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled
by the producers of British Benzole)

Whatever the Weather wear THE BURBERRY

**The World's Best Weatherproof &
One of the World's Best Overcoats**

The Burberry is the ideal covercoat for town or country—a coat that does duty, either as Weatherproof or Overcoat, in every kind of weather at every season of the year.

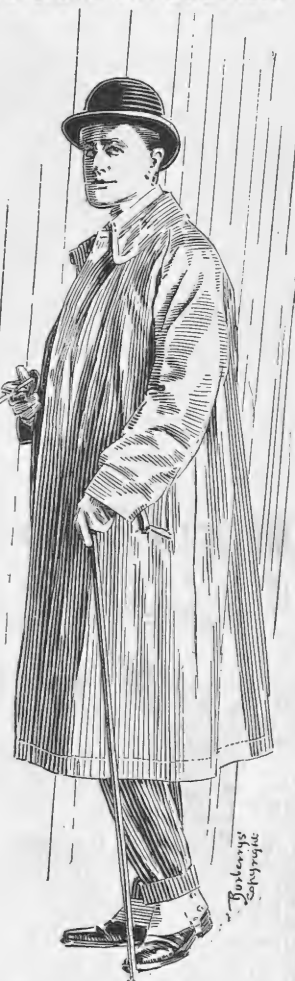
THE BURBERRY AS A WEATHERPROOF

is permanently antagonistic to all forms of moisture, rain—down-pour or drizzle—just falls off its surface like water from a duck's back.

THE BURBERRY AS AN OVERCOAT

defies the keenest wind and ensures a wealth of warmth on cold days, yet, paradoxically, it is the lightest and most comfortable coat for mild weather, as it is almost weightless and ventilates naturally.

THE BURBERRY BOOK
containing illustrations of models,
patterns of materials and prices, post
free. Please mention "The Tatler."



BURBERRYS

invite readers of "The Tatler" to the
**MANNEQUIN DISPLAYS OF
WINTER SPORTS DRESS**

for Men, Women and Children which they
are holding at Haymarket, daily from
MONDAY, Nov. 17th to FRIDAY, Nov. 21st

All the season's new models for Skiing, Skating
and Luge-ing will be shown in surroundings
closely resembling the Swiss snowfields.

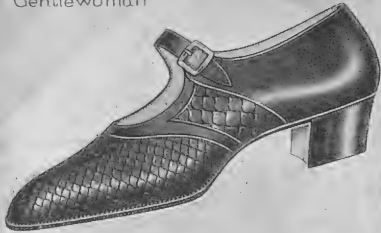
PARADES:

11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. & 2.30 to 5 p.m. each day.

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET S.W.1

Mayflower SHOES

For the
Gentleman



No. 0739. Fine Box Calf and Black
Python, also Tan Willow and Tabac
Lizard. Tan Willow and Sunburn Lizard 35/-

SHOES for TO-MORROW
BY THE HOUSE OF

ABBOTT

324 Oxford Street
(Next to D. H. Evans)

82 Regent Street
(Opposite Piccadilly Hotel).

255 Oxford Street
(Next to Jay's)



"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

A GOOD habit tried and tested saves both time and trouble.
When replacing Shirts or Pyjamas, more and more men
habitually ask for "LUVISCA." Experience has shown that
garments so named are perfect in their smoothness, wear
and character, and complete in the satisfaction they give.

LOOK
FOR
THE
REGD.
TAB :



Sold by Leading Hosiery, Outfitters & Stores.

IF any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS,
Ltd., (Dept. 4 M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London,
E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive
literature.

CHILPRUFE UNDERWEAR for MEN



No more lingering doubts whether your underwear is
warm enough for bad weather, once you have invested
in Chilprufe. Its protectiveness is always suited to the
moment's needs. Soft and springy in texture. With a
strength that does not fail. Guaranteed Pure Wool.

*Chilprufe is
again Reduced
in Price*

VESTS. PANTS.
TRUNK DRAWERS.
PYJAMAS Also COM-
BINATIONS to special order.

Ask your Outfitter, or write direct
for a copy of the
NEW ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LIST.

If any difficulty in obtaining Chilprufe, write direct to:-
THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LEICESTER
(John A. Bolton, Proprietor.)

FRENCH ELEGANCE— BRITISH STRENGTH



G.O. BRACES

GET and keep the correct hang to
your trousers with Gents Own
Braces, a first-class product of British
workmanship. Note the clever tab
adjustment which lies perfectly flat and
non-curling to fit smoothly under finely
tailored clothes, and also the special
roller slide. Fastidious men who insist
on perfection in every detail of dress
accessories will find complete satis-
faction in G.O. Braces.

2/6 & 3/6 PER PAIR

Your hosiery will show you a selection.



If it's worth writing....

If it's worth writing it's worth writing well. It's worth type-writing on the Underwood Portable. Think how much better a typewritten page looks, with its clean lines and clear letters. Besides, it's easier and quicker. Type on your knee . . . Type anywhere. Quiet touch and easy manipulation. Send the coupon and arrange for a free trial at home.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED
BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 7722
or from dealers and high-class Stationers everywhere.

Underwood, Elliott-Fisher, Sundstrand—Speed the World's Business. Sales and Service everywhere.

WRITE IT ON THE Underwood PORTABLE

More than half the typewriters of the world bear the same name.

EASY TERMS

21/- with order
and 14 monthly
payments.

FREE TRIAL

*Underwood Typewriter Company Ltd., Bush House,
Aldwych, London, W.C.2.*

Please send me illustrated booklet No. 29,
together with details of the Free Trial offer, and
list of addresses of your Branches and Agents.

Name.....

Address.....

Belmont

THE FAMOUS HOUSE for READY-TO-WEAR



Evening Wear

After all, Evening Dress calls for an unusual standard of exactitude. And when you consider that you can obtain an immaculate Dinner Suit or "Tails" from the Famous House for Ready-to-Wear within minutes it emphasises the completeness of a unique service.

MOSS BROS & Co Ltd
NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. & GENERAL OUTFITTERS
of Covent Garden
(CORNER OF KING ST & BEDFORD ST) LONDON, W.C.2.

Phone:
Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines).

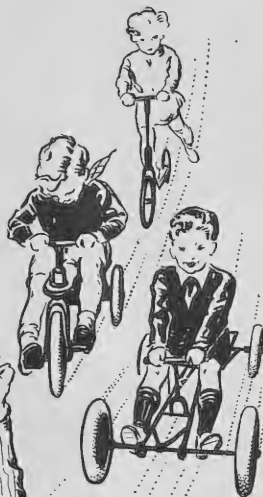
Wires:
"Parsec, Rand, London."

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

I'M FIRST!

CHILDHOOD—that glorious, care-free, reckless time—when the thrill of being first in everything is all-important Most important of all is the thrill of a trip to Gamages . . . the paradise of all children . . . and the greatest event of the year.

This year . . . at Marble Arch . . . there is the finest display of Toys to be seen in the West End. Everything new in toyland is there for your inspection and under ideal shopping conditions.



**Gamages
Famous Xmas
Catalogue now ready**

As ever, it is the most comprehensive guide to Xmas shopping issued in England. 200 pages profusely illustrated in colour. Write NOW for your copy mentioning the TATLER.

GAMAGES

MARBLE ARCH

TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 9494 (50 LINES)

LIST OF HOTELS.

Visitors repeatedly return to THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

Its comfort, its unique position on England's sunniest coast, make this hotel one of the most popular with very critical visitors. 100 bedrooms, central and electric heating. English food and famous chef. Inclusive terms from 4½ Gns.

HOTEL ALEXANDRA

LYME REGIS, DORSET.

On the borders of Devon.

First-Class Family Hotel facing the Sea and South.

Ideal Winter Resort.

Central Heating. Running Water in Bedrooms.

Winter terms from 4½ Gns.

Special terms for long stay.

A. H. HINTON, proprietor.

TORQUAY

VICTORIA & ALBERT

FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Sea Views.

Exclusive Menu.

Choicest Wines.

Orchestra.

CANNES—HOTEL SUISSE

One minute from CROISSETTE. Near CERCLE NAUTICAL. Central and quiet situation. Moderate Terms.

A. KELLER, Proprietor.

NICE GRAND HOTEL DE CIMIEZ and PAVILLON VICTORIA

The largest park on the Riviera. Latest comfort. Moderate terms.

ST. RAPHAEL LE GRAND HOTEL

Splendid situation in large grounds.

Moderate prices.

All comforts.

Own Garage.

R. M. COUTTET, Prop.

LONDON CINEMAS.

REGAL

MARBLE ARCH

Padd. 9911

BEBÉ DANIELS

in

"DIXIANA"

A colourful Romance of New Orleans

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DOORS OPEN 12 noon (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing Nov. 10th.

The Greatest Talking "JOURNEY'S END." By R. C. Sherriff, starring COLIN CLIVE.

Picture of the Year. LAUREL and HARDY in "AERIAL ANTICS," Talkie Comedy.

On the Stage:—THE VISATONE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.



Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S

Pedigree AIREDALES (for house protection), WIRE FOX, CAIRNS, SEALY-HAMS, SCOTCH (Companions or Exhibitions), COCKERS (all colours), 'CLOCK HOUSE,' BYFLEET Surrey (Stat.: Weybridge), or even London. Famous ready-cooked DOG FOOD, 1/- tin. All Stores above.

*Phone: Byfleet 274

PRESENTATION ALBUMS

With hand-made paper leaves, in superb Morocco Bindings, suitable for Signatures when presenting Testimonials and Addresses.

Three Sizes: 25/-, 42/-, 52/6 net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd.,

6, Great New Street, London, E.C. 4

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and practical information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel Queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C. 2



Cures Colds safely

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour—and that is all! No treatment could be simpler, safer or more effective. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists
2/- per bottle. Double size 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Barkley Vale, Lancs.

V.53

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING and DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" Publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

Behind the Scenes in Advertising

No. 5.

THE larger the enterprise the greater the need for specialists. With the expansion of big-scale production has come the development of Advertising—and of the Advertising Practitioner. To-day he stands beside the Accountant, the Chemist and the Consulting Engineer—an expert who knows his job because he has studied it, practised it and proved its usefulness.

The work of the Advertising man is many sided. He must be always watching market conditions. He must know the comparative values of advertising media. He must be able to use the technique of words, of illustration and of print. He must understand the motives which move men and women to think and to act.

This explains why most progressive firms with goods to sell nowadays retain the services of an Advertising Practitioner as a matter of course.

The Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising holds annual examinations to test the eligibility of applicants for associate membership. A Fellow (F.I.P.A.) or Associate (A.I.P.A.) must have served a probationary period in Advertising and is required to have sufficient knowledge of Advertising to be able to plan, organise or produce a national Advertising Campaign.

ISSUED BY THE
**INSTITUTE OF INCORPORATED
PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING**
3-4, CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON, W.C.2

"ESSE" ECONOMY

Why
such continued
warmth at so
small a cost —



Ask your Stove Dealer to show you the interior of the "ESSE" Stove, how the reserve of fuel remains unkindled until required to maintain combustion, how the heat travels round the encircling flues radiating comfort. Fed once daily with anthracite—the clean, smokeless fuel—the fire need never go out.

Room 14 ft. by 16 ft.
well heated for

24 Hours for 4½d.

Large variety of designs
from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

"ESSE"

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name
of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Established 1854.
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

**FROM
LAND OF
BROWN
HEATH
AND SHAGGY
WOOD**

**GRANT'S
SCOTCH
WHISKY**

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet
Distilleries, DUFFTOWN,
89, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.
98, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3.

London Agents
for Grant's "Glenlivet" Scotch:
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.

G.E.C.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTINGS

OF DISTINCTION

Made at Magnet Works, Birmingham



Inspect the magnificent range at the
Company's Public Showrooms—

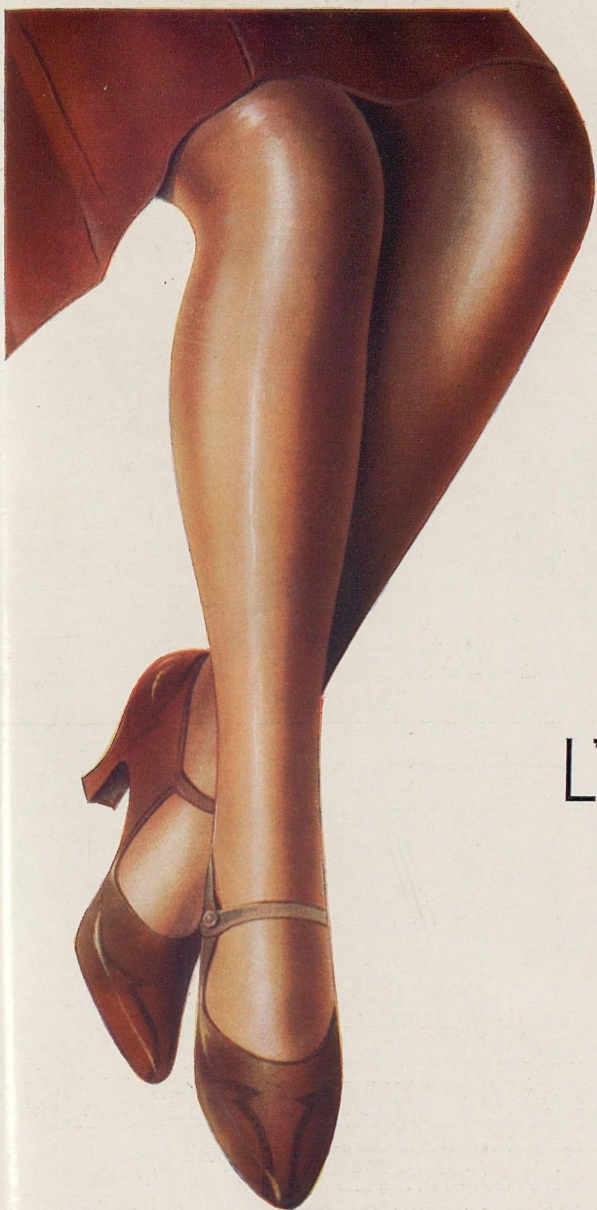
MAGNET HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

Also the ALL-ELECTRIC BUNGALOW
completely equipped on the most modern lines with the
finest examples of electric light fittings in the country

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO · LTD

WHOLESALE BRANCHES AND PUBLIC SHOWROOMS
THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND OVERSEAS

AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA · INDIA
& BURMA · MALAYA · CHINA · ARGENTINE · PARIS · ETC.



L'OR

The Famous Genuine

L'OR · STOCKINGS

Reduced from 14/9 to

12/9
PER PAIR

Obtainable at all the leading stores

L'OR · 44	<i>Day Wear</i>
L'OR · 66	<i>Finest Evening Hose</i>
L'OR · 100	<i>De Luxe</i>

ALL OF PUREST SILK ONLY

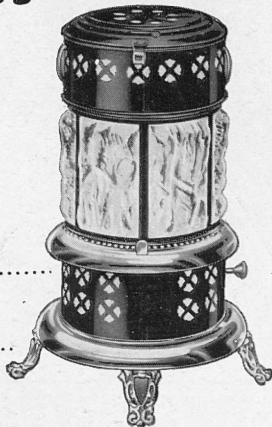
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS TO THE TRADE FOR THE BRITISH ISLES :— LEO LTD., 23, DERING STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.2.

RIPPINGILLES latest ACHIEVEMENT!

THE "FYRAYS"

(Coal Effect) OIL HEATER

THE "FYRAYS" is undoubtedly the most magnificent Oil Heater that has ever been offered to the British Public. The "FYRAYS" gives all the effects of a coal fire, and has none of the drawbacks. It is portable, fumeless, efficient, and economical. The cheery glow of a coal fire is captured and diffused by the "FYRAYS." This stove is Rippingilles' latest achievement, and stands out far in advance of anything that has been produced before.



NO. 999, the "FYRAYS" Stove, is fitted with a 300 c.p. burner, and stands 22 inches high. The top portion is Black Vitreous Enamelled, and is fitted with a ball handle for easy carrying. The top itself opens to facilitate cleaning the glasses which are made of a special heat-resisting glass. The middle and bottom rims and feet are nickel-plated. The tank and burner are made of Brass, and the whole stove, including the glass, is entirely British made. **PRICE 59/-**

Ask to see it at your local ironmonger's, or write to us for illustrated list.

RADIANT, COSY WARMTH,
WITHOUT TROUBLE AT
A MINIMUM OF COST

A MAGNIFICENT STOVE
THAT ENHANCES THE BEAUTY
OF A BEAUTIFUL HOME

RIPPINGILLES ALBION LAMP CO. LTD.

Aston Road North, Birmingham, England

REMODELLING

This new style Walking Frock shows a successful renovation from a suit.



It is not necessary to discard good clothes because they are a little out-of-date.

"The Tatler" says: Remodelling is a genuine economy that will appeal to all women.

Ladies' own materials made up to exclusive designs.

Estimates, suggestions and sketches will be sent free of charge upon receipt of suits, coats or gowns, etc., for remodelling.

WRITE
FOR
CATALOGUE 'B'

LILLA

7, Lower Grosvenor Place,
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1
Phone: Vic. 7731

FURNITURE.

SECOND-HAND HIGH-CLASS MODERN ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL. FINE REPRODUCTIONS, GENUINE ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART. Removed for convenience of Sale from numerous West End Mansions, and various sources, including many items from the following important Collections: **LANDSOWNE HOUSE**, The **PRINCESS PALEY** (Paley Palace), **SIR FREDERICK CHARLES HOLDAY** (dec'd), Mary Anna, **DUCHESS OF ABERCORN** (dec'd), Third **EARL OF DURHAM**, K.G. (dec'd).

GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, Tall-boy and shaped front Chests, Corner Washstands, Wig Stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, Bow-front Wardrobes and Persian, Chinese, Aubusson, &c. A quantity of pile carpets offered at 2s. 9d. per yard, a large number of square carpets in various designs from 30s. each.

750 SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS covered morocco leather, heavy woven art tapestries, rich silk, and a large quantity of red plain art linen, all being of excellent quality and in most cases equal to new. **SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS** offered at 21s. each. **Small size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS in REAL HIDE**, 3 Guineas. **Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS** from £4 17s. 6d. to 12 Guineas. Well-made **SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES**, 3 Guineas. **Large size CHESTERFIELD and OTHER SETTEES**, many with iceose down pillow seats and backs, from £7 15s. to 25 Guineas.

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOMS, LOUNGES and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak Furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Adam, the **small complete suites** including Sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, &c., offered for 10 Guineas, the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 Guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked, to clear. Special attention is called to a quantity of Cottage Wheelback Chairs offered at 6s. 9d. each.

5,000 CARPETS AND RUGS, including Fine Persian, Turkey, Wilton, Axminster, Chinese and Aubusson, including a large salvage stock now being offered at remarkable bargain prices.

500 COMPLETE BEDROOMS, including 36 **SOLID OAK CLUB BEDROOM SUITES** with full-panel Bedsteads and Mattresses, offered at £4 10s. set.

6 FT. SUITES IN WALNUT, Mahogany, Lacquer, Sainwood, Enamel in English and Continental styles, **FROM £9 15s.** up to 250 Guineas, many originally costing over double.

A LARGE NUMBER OF PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, ranging from 10 Guineas to 150 Guineas. **OLD ENGLISH CHIMING GRANDFATHER and BRACKET CLOCKS**, **IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF STATUARY, PICTURES, SILVER and SHEPHERD PLATE**; quantity of Fine Old Cut Glass, **BED and TABLE LINENS**, **A LARGE QUANTITY OF OFFICE FURNITURE**, including **IRON SAFES, ROLL-TOP DESKS, PEDESTAL DESKS, BOOKCASES**, &c., &c.

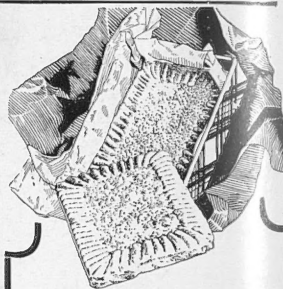
Photographic **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** (Mention "The Tatler"), **Post Free**. **ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7**. Any item may be purchased separately, and remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. Settlement of account can be arranged to suit customer's convenience.



By Royal Appointment
to H.M. King of Spain.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.

PARK STREET, UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1
Omnibuses Nos. 144a, 43a, 143a, 4a, 19, and 30 pass the door.
CAB FARES ALLOWED TO ALL CUSTOMERS.
Phone: North 3580 Within 10 minutes of the West End.



"The QUEEN" says:
"Galbraith's shortbread
is really delicious."

Fresh from the oven,
placed in sealed tins,
and posted free to any
address at these rates:

Price of Tin.	Canada.	Ind.a.	U.S.A.
4/4 add	2/6	2/3	2/3
6/6			
8/6 add	4/6	4/-	4/-
12/6 add	6/3	5/6	5/3

Write for interesting
illustrated list of cakes
and confectionery.
Post free.

GALBRAITH'S

of Ayr
Scotland

70, 80, 82, High Street
Estd. close on a century.

HOWAT

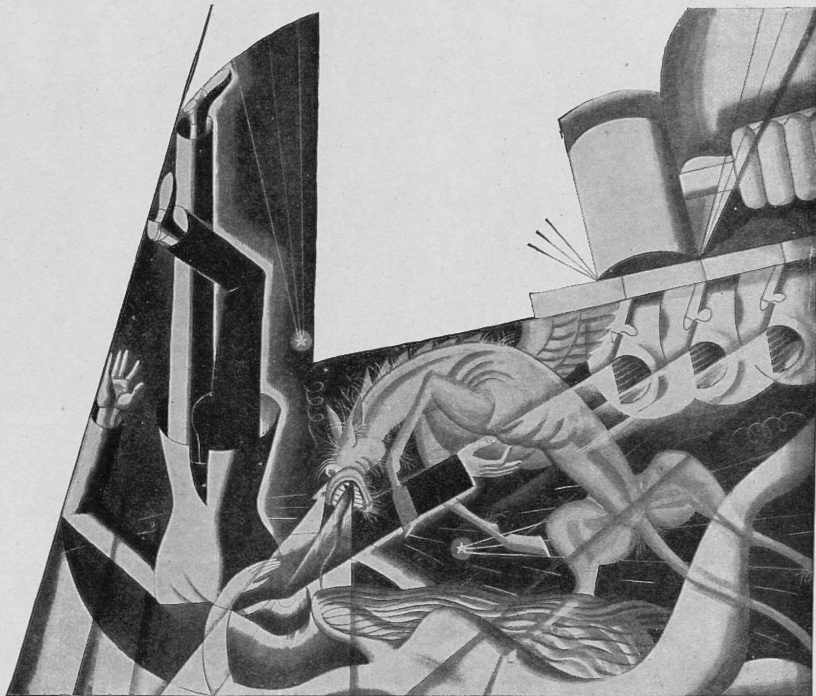
An Article few people Could Write

Much has been written upon the evil of the drug-taking menace, but it has not often fallen to the lot of an experienced journalist to secure so vivid a picture of the "snow" taker's hallucinations then the descent, deeper and deeper, until death can be but little beside what the addict goes through.

The story is hard to write because the addict cannot tell.

Some minutes after a beginner's sniff of perhaps half a gram, a lovely warmth invades the body; one appears to be liberated from chains, to float in serenity, but with the additional joy of an intensely sharpened intelligence which enables you to flit brilliantly from thought to thought. Everything becomes luminous, clear; you have entered another world of the mind. Every care, ugliness, is banished; and gradually a delicious voluptuousness overtakes you, leaving anything else you may have experienced far behind. This voluptuous sensation is general, not to be localised, but is of the body as much as of the mind. And as one of the effects is the annihilation of time, certain primitive instincts find unexampled outlet. The whole being is thrilled by a feeling of absolute happiness in which an extreme sensitiveness only absorbs rosiness and rejects all else. Sometimes you feel you are soaring aloft, weightless; then you fall back into a lovely languor. Gorgeous pictures, scenery, rise up in your vision. Or you are scheming out a hundred new and brilliant notions for the future. As for the world with all its woe, you simply are unaware of its existence. A man may have lost the one he lived for, and forget it. A banal book becomes thrilling, poor wine tastes like nectar, a cheap cigarette might have come from a super-harem. And you don't care *that* about anything or anybody! So it is with the beginner. Nor do you suffer greatly—at first—in the coming-back-to-earth period. You just feel uneasy, restless, not yourself, wanting quiet and solitude more than anything else. You take it. And next day feel really little, if any, the worse. And what a wonderful three or four hours you have had!

It may be weeks before you try again; but the day will come



"It may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the control of the manufacture of such drugs in all countries, as urged by the Committee of the League of Nations, will cut to the root of an evil against which civilised opinion is thoroughly roused."—*"Daily Telegraph."*

I do not wish to sensationalise, I deal in facts. And here is one fact which will loom larger and larger in the immediate times ahead; unless something radical is done about the cocaine and heroin traffic, we shall be breeding a high racial percentage of idiots twenty or thirty or forty years on. I have no doubt that something will be done—although the task is dreadfully difficult—but my job here at the moment is to try to set down a living picture of the present state of the dope traffic, together with its effects. Several months' cruising round Europe led to the assembling of the material here collated. Brussels, Bordeaux, Berlin, Vienna, Tunis, Toulon, Paris, Geneva, Marseilles, are only a few places that come to mind. The thing is widespread, and for reasons which will become apparent. It might be as well if the zealous League spared a little of its time and energy from attacking the British Empire over the opium traffic and diverted its talent towards routing out and curbing the ravages of the Crystal Fairy. Opium sends one quietly into dreamland, whatever its subsequent workings. Cocaine and heroin breed criminals, wrecks, lunatics, and have the direct opposite effect of smoking a soothing "pill."

In "THE CRYSTAL FAIRY," by Ferdinand Tuohy, amazing revelations unmask the growing traffic in tragedy from dope . . . cocaine — heroin! Read this remarkable article in the November issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

ON SALE NOW—ONE SHILLING



"Please don't get up
It changes its own records"



To press a starting button and then to hear, without interruption, a concert—a complete work—a programme of dance music—on gramophone records . . . that, even in these sophisticated days, savours somewhat of the miraculous. Yet it is a miracle you will learn to take for granted—when you own a "His Master's Voice" Automatic Electrical Reproducer. Twelve records in any pre-arranged order—ten- and twelve-inch intermingled—can be played without touching the instrument. *It changes its own records.*

And its tone? That, indeed, you must hear if you are to believe. This is not merely electrical reproduction. It is "His Master's Voice" electrical reproduction. Every sound and every shade of sound in faithful facsimile . . . its purity undistorted, unimpaired . . . whether heard as whispered melody in a quiet room,—or as a surge of sound loud enough to fill a moderate-sized hall. A "His Master's Voice" dealer will gladly explain and demonstrate the marvel of this instrument—in his shop or in your own drawing room.

**"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
 AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL
 REPRODUCER No. 12**

Self-contained and entirely mains driven. Equipment includes a "His Master's Voice" No. 7B (Electric) Soundbox and 2-stage super power amplifier with three valves only (including one rectifier). Latest moving coil Loud Speaker with electro-magnet. External Control Panel (sunk flush) contains Main, Volume Control and Change-over Switches. Radio jack is provided.

PRICES
 (for alternating current)
 Antique Oak £150
 Mahogany or Walnut £155

"His Master's Voice"
AUTOMATIC
ELECTRICAL
REPRODUCER

(These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State)



The Gramophone Co., Ltd.,
 London, W.1.